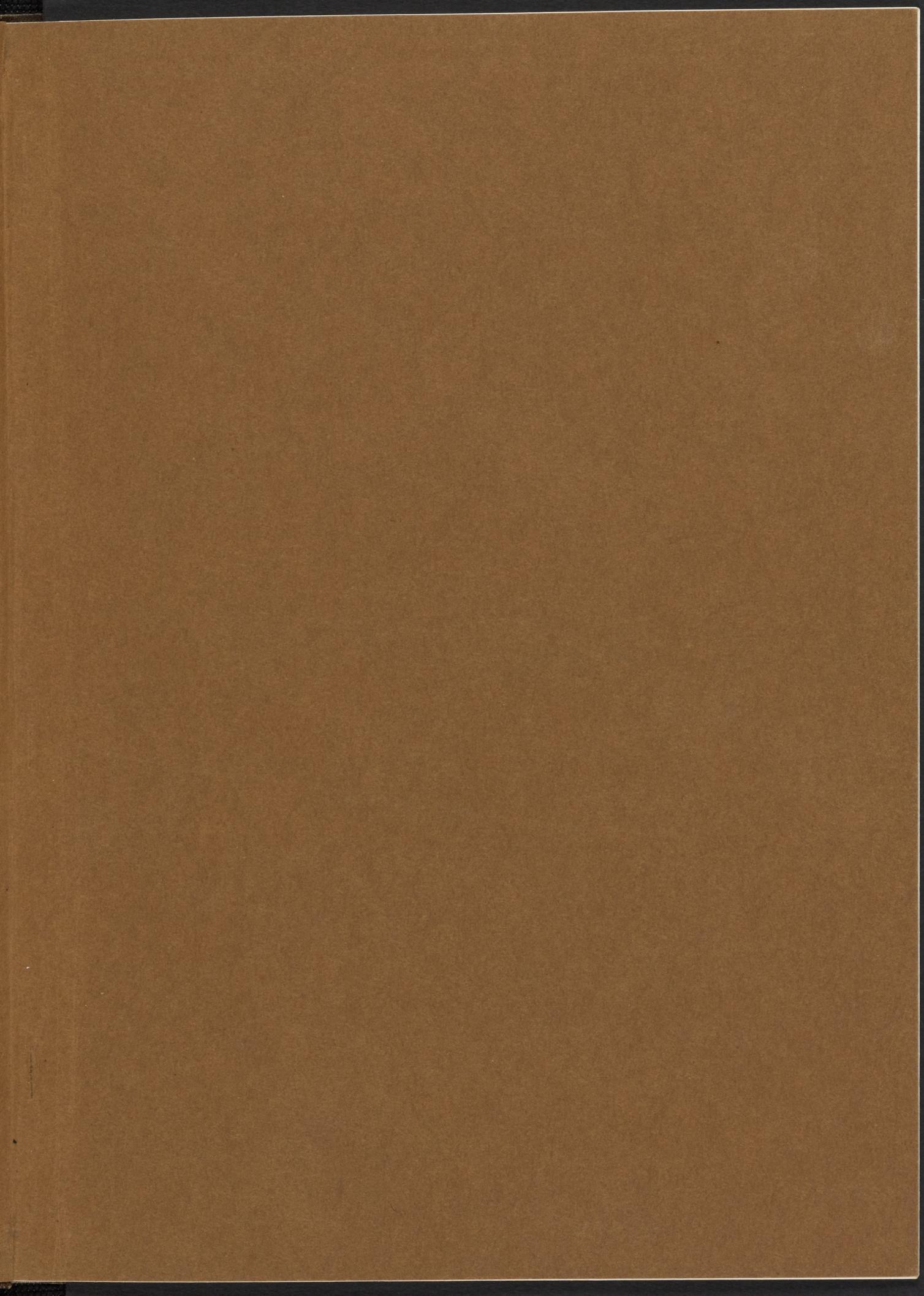
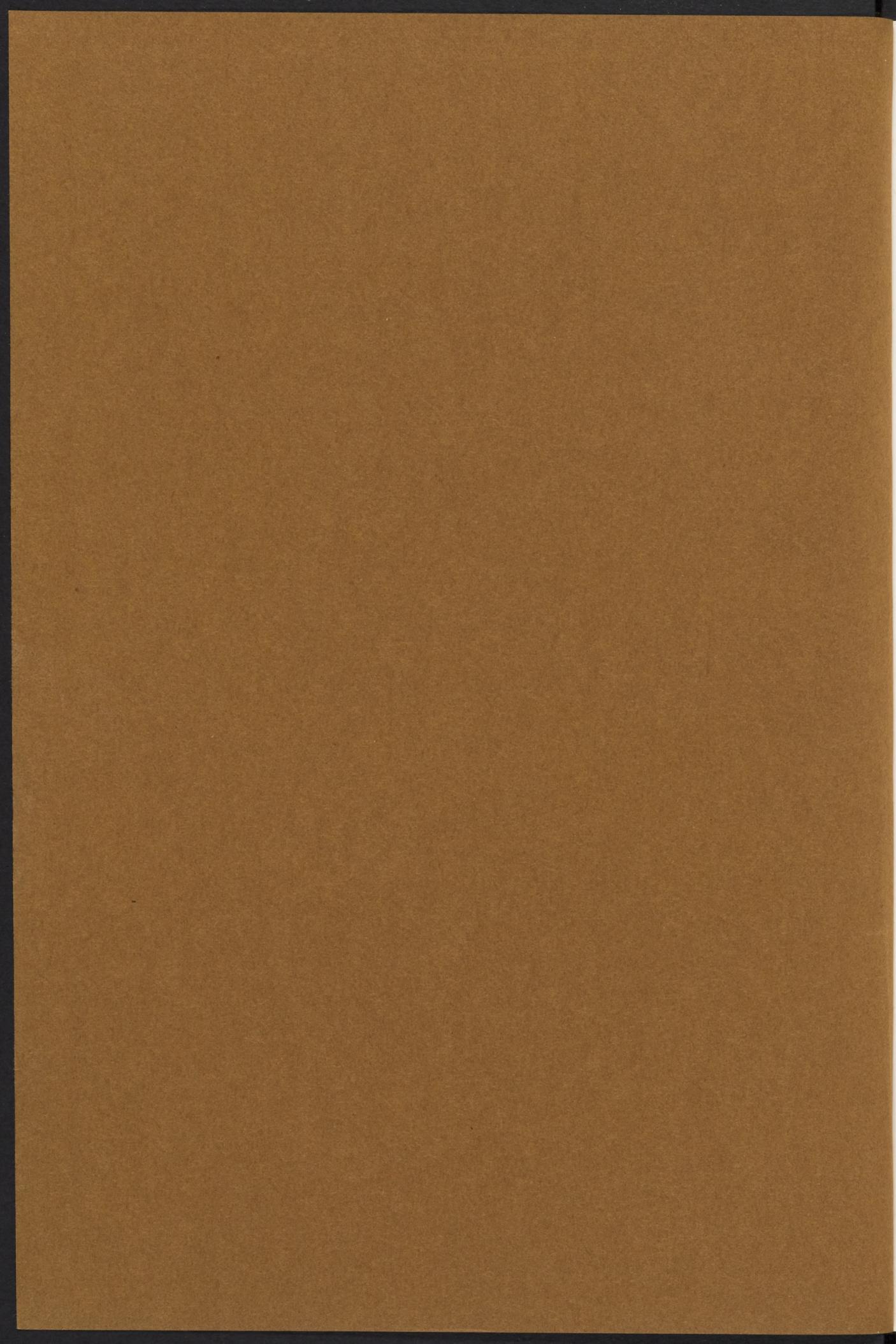


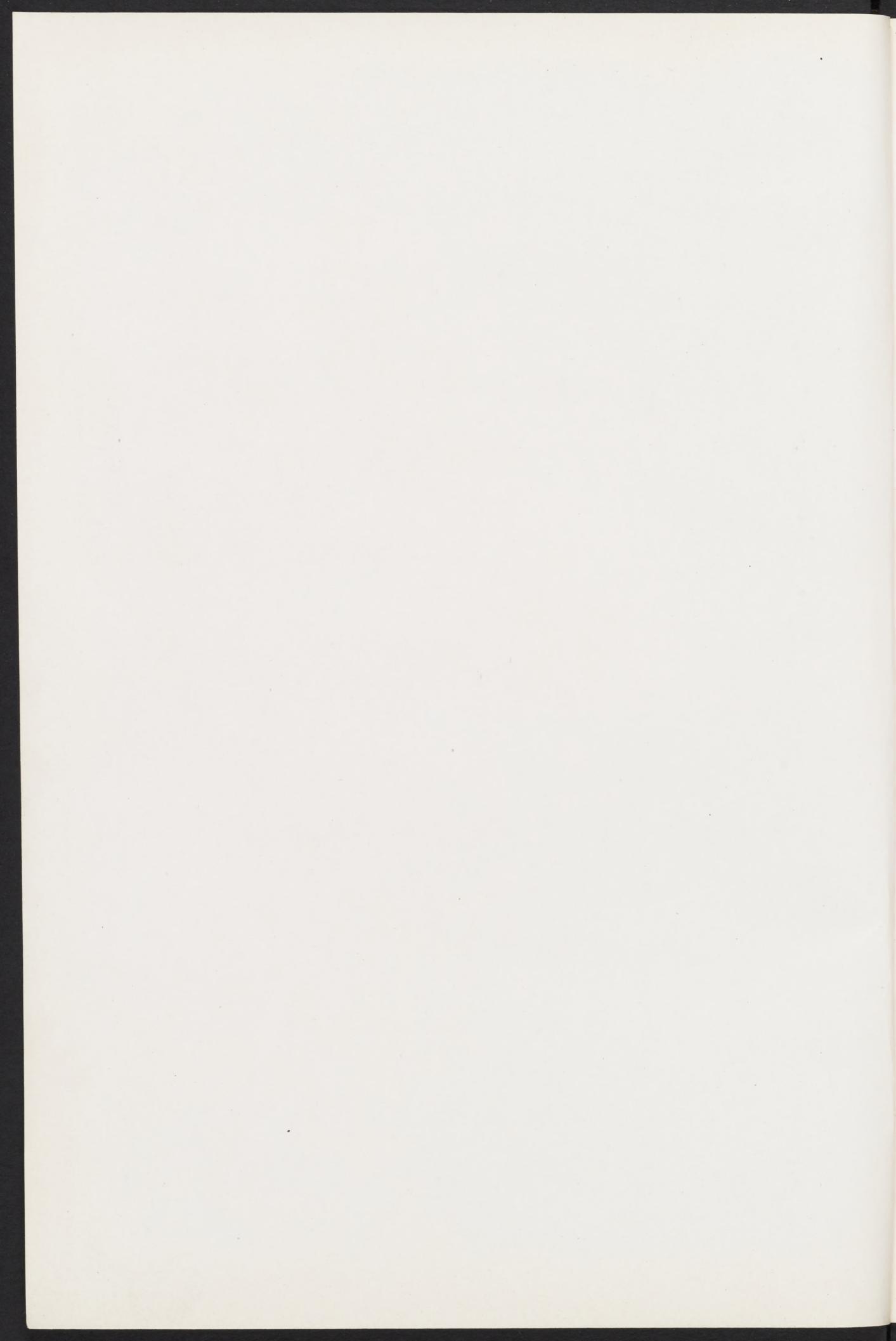
PATRIN

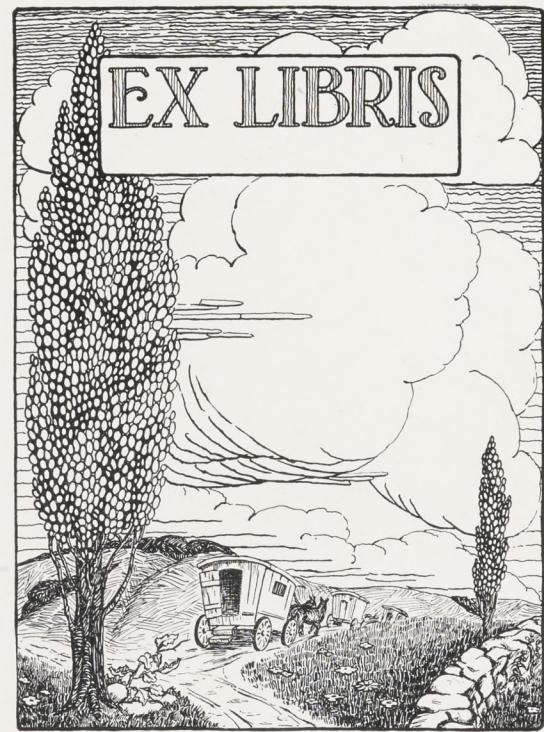
1927

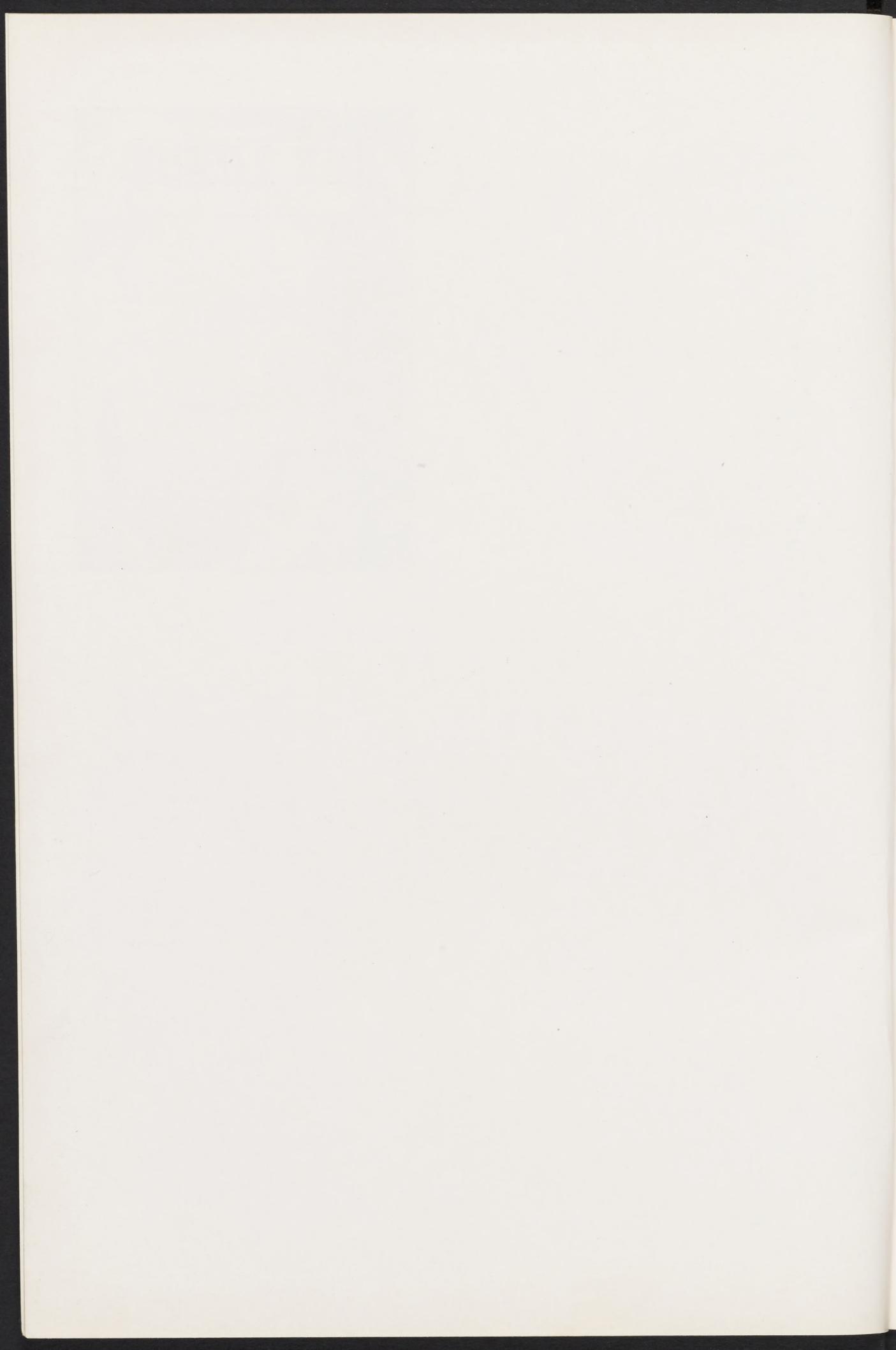






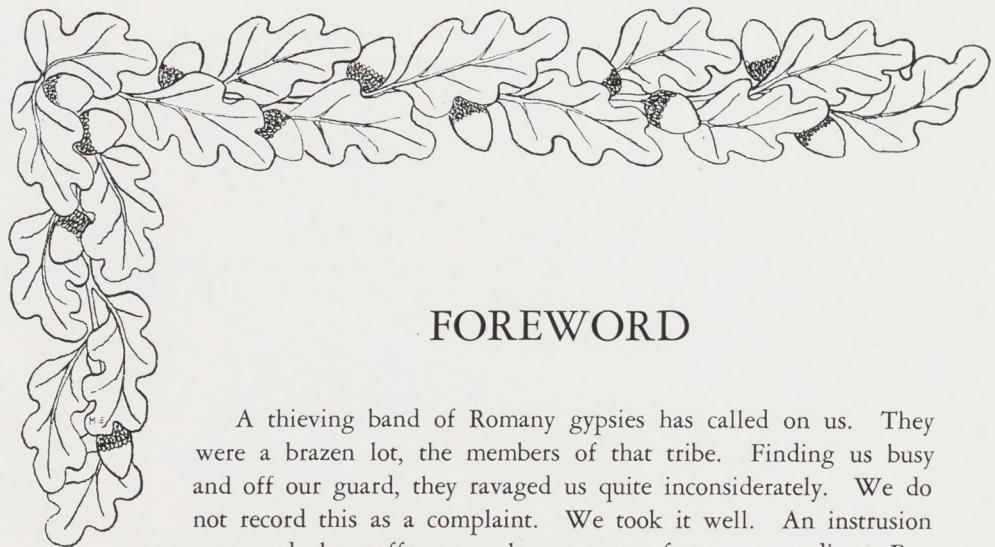






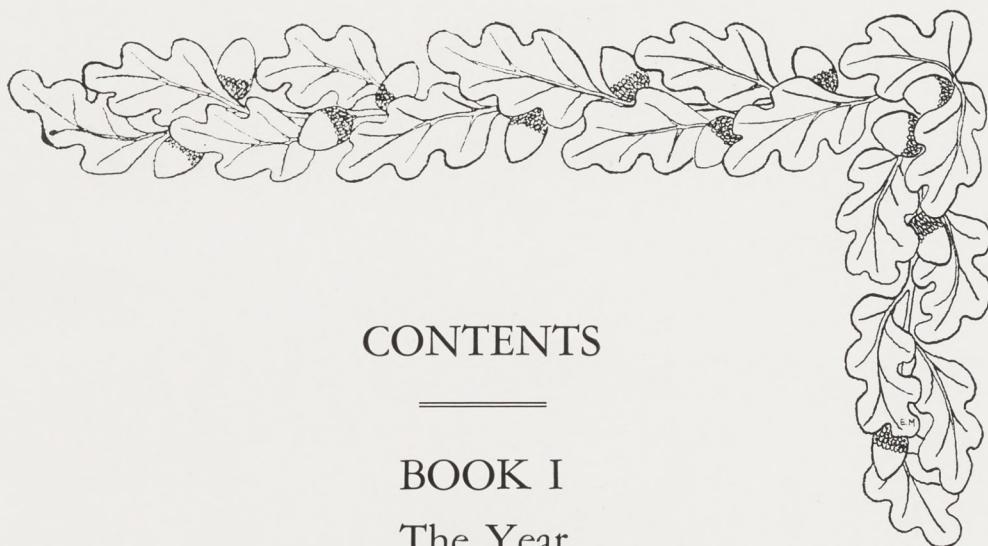
THE PATRIN
PUBLISHED ANNUALLY
BY
THE STUDENT BODY
OF THE
SANTA ROSA JUNIOR COLLEGE

S A N T A R O S A, C A L I F O R N I A
1 9 2 7



FOREWORD

A thieving band of Romany gypsies has called on us. They were a brazen lot, the members of that tribe. Finding us busy and off our guard, they ravaged us quite inconsiderately. We do not record this as a complaint. We took it well. An instrusion now and then offers a welcome recess from our studies. But, when their pillage was done, we found that our Bear Cub was their captive. Away from school we rushed with heavy hearts and great hope that we might regain our mascot. But we were too late! In the distance the last wagon of their caravan was dipping over the hill. At the side of the road, beneath a tree, was an oak twig—a few leaves, and an acorn. It was the Romany patrin; the sign left by these roving bands to show their following fellows the direction they had taken and the progress they had made.



CONTENTS

BOOK I

The Year

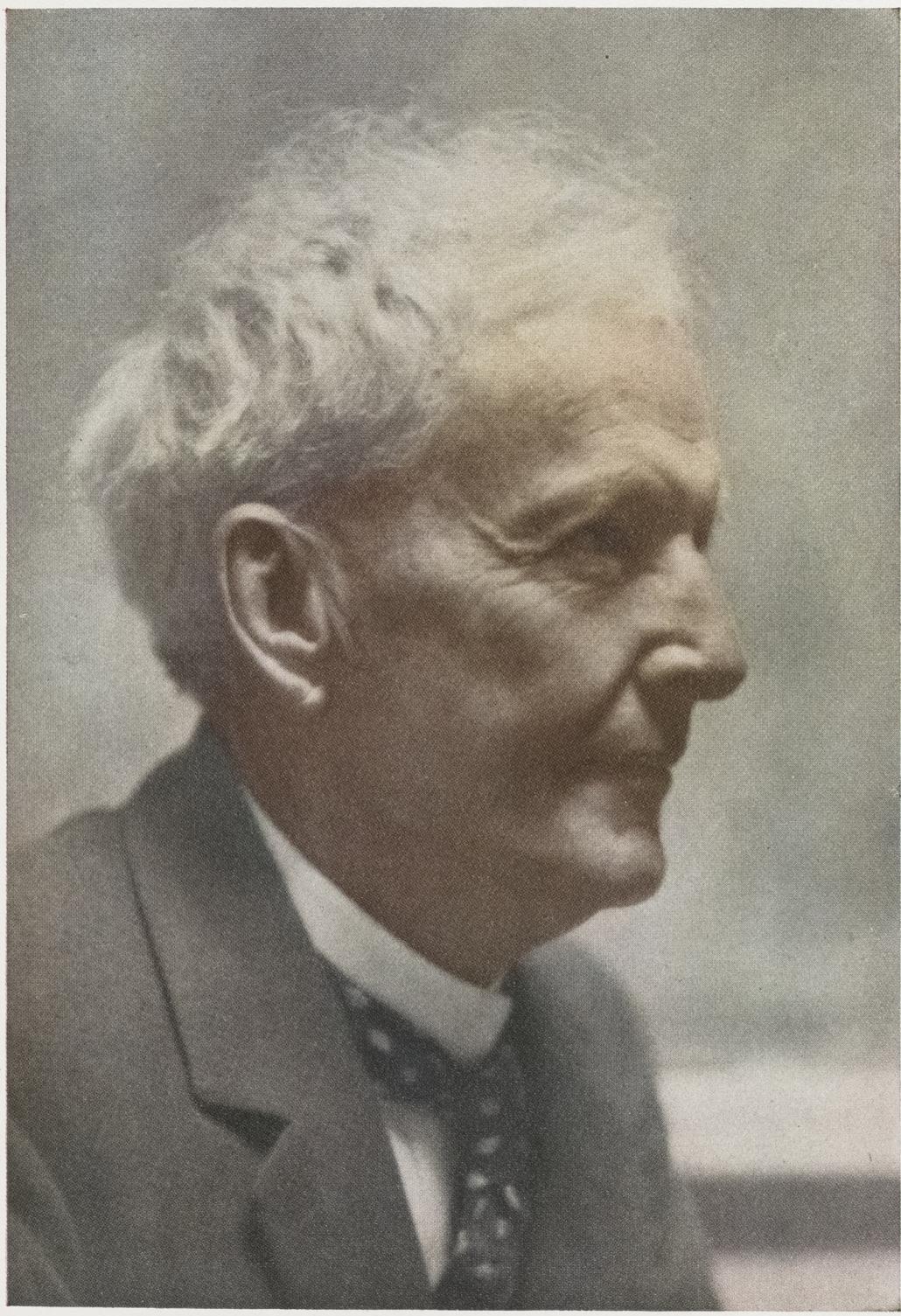
BOOK II

Literary

BOOK III

Feature

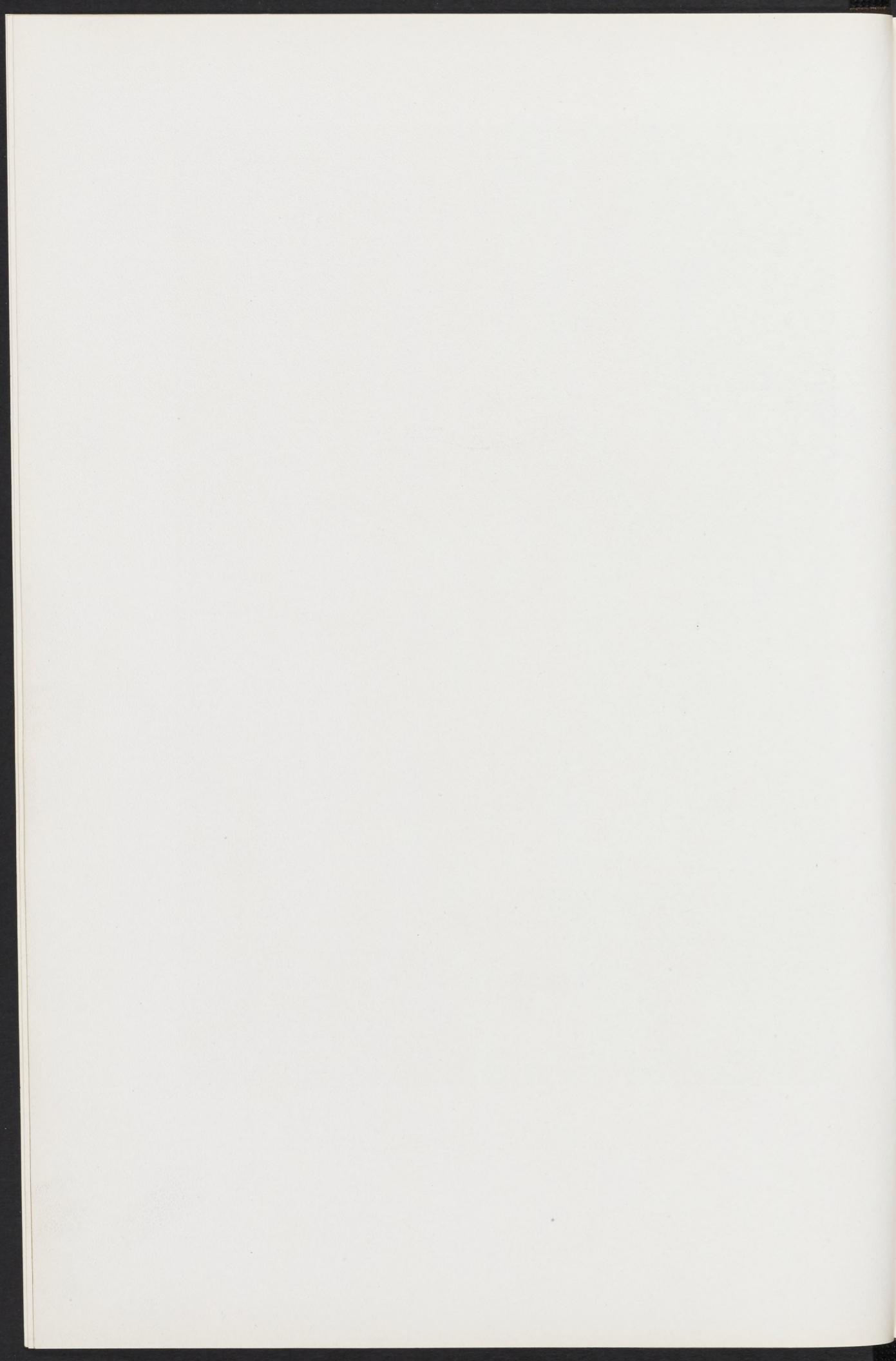
TO THE MEMORY
OF
LUTHER BURBANK
SCIENTIST, BENEFACTOR,
AND FRIEND
WE DEDICATE
OUR BOOK

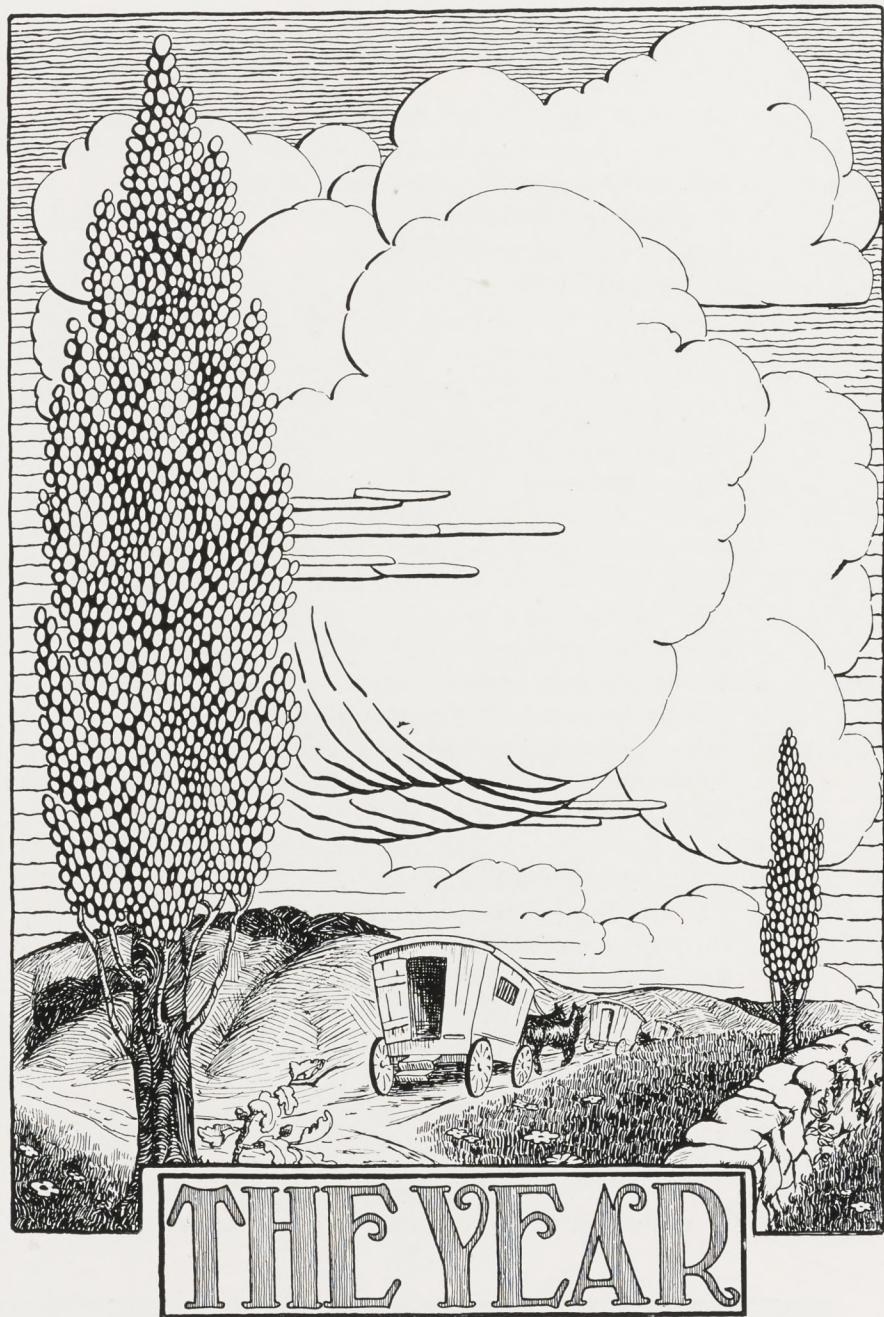


1849

Luther Burbank

1926





THE YEAR



THE GYPSY TRAIL

The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the op'ning clover
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood
Ever the wild world over,
Ever the wild world over, lass,
Ever the trail held true;
Over the world and under the world
And back at the last to you.
Out of the luck of the gorigo camp,
Out of the grim and the gray,
Morning waits at the end of the world,
Gypsy, come away!
Both to the road again, again!
Out of clean sea track,—
Follow the cross of the gypsy trail,
Over the world and back!
Follow the Romany patteran*
West to the sinking sun,—
'Till the junk-sails lift through the homeless drift
And the East and the West are one—
Follow the Romany patteran
East where the silence broods—
By a purple wave on an opal beach
In the hush of the Mahim woods.
The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold—
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid
As it was in the days of old;—
The heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
Light of my tents be fleet.
Morning waits at the end of the world
And the world is all at our feet.

—Rudyard Kipling.

* A corrupted form of the Romany word "patrin".





"FROM THE ACORN, THE MIGHTY OAK"

This year our junior college adopted a seal. We are all familiar with it now. The conventionally arranged oak leaf and acorn have appeared on each issue of our new paper. If recent community action predicts truly, the trite phrase quoted above will soon be a correct platitude to suspend below this seal.

It was nine years ago, according to a certain legend, that seven students formed the first Santa Rosa Junior College student body. These students shared one building with the high school. That was nine years ago.

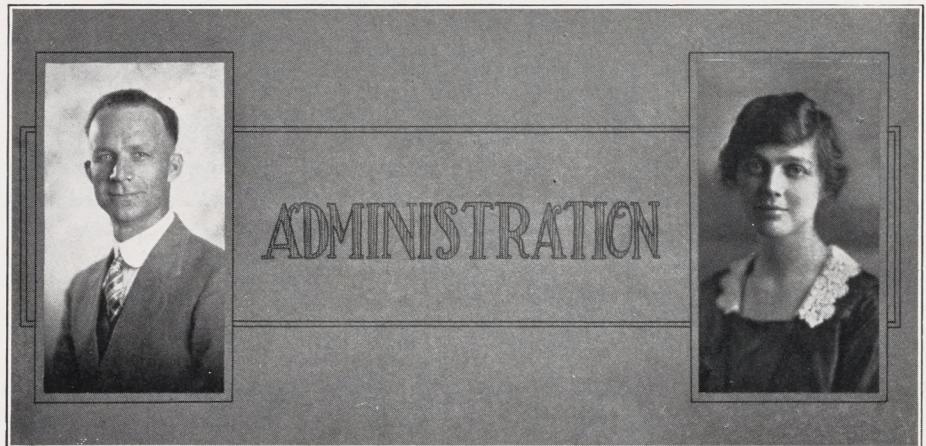
It is now nineteen twenty-seven, according to a certain grocer's calendar, and one hundred and eighty-four students form the present Santa Rosa Junior College student body. These students share one building with the high school. It is now nineteen twenty-seven.

But a month or two ago an election was held. Now this election did not create for us a spacious building surrounded with a beautiful campus, where the ambitious graduates of neighboring high schools might complete two years of college work. In fact, it did not even create a county junior college. But a Santa Rosa Junior College District was created. The acorn was then planted.

The casual observer may have been deceived into thinking it an ordinary acorn. But time shall identify it as an acorn whose shell concealed a mighty force. Roots have even now sprouted which shall bury themselves deeply in the heart of a community, for this acorn was quick with the vision of the people.

Soon an oak will take its place; an oak that shall grow tall and powerful, and spread its sheltering limbs in invitation to all; an oak that shall stand mighty and admired.





FLOYD P. BAILEY
Dean

GENEVIEVE G. MOTT
Dean of Women

BOARD OF EDUCATION

Major Hiliard Comstock.....	<i>President.</i>	Mrs. Sarah Pryor.....	<i>Secretary.</i>
Dr. R. M. Bonar		Mr. J. J. Burke	Mr. Archie Lockhart

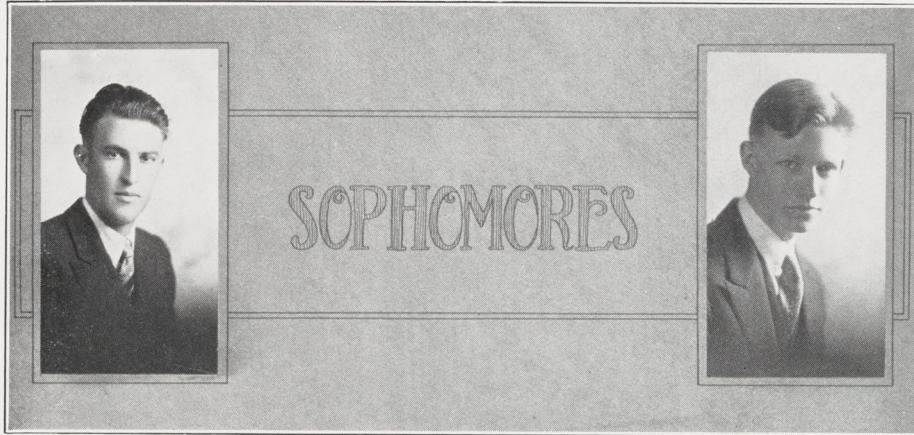
ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICERS

Jerome O. Cross.....	<i>City Superintendent.</i>	Gardiner Spring.....	<i>Principal.</i>
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FACULTY

Milo S. Baker.....	<i>Botany, Zoology.</i>	Dr. N. Juell, M.D.....	<i>Men's Hygiene.</i>
George R. Bartlett.....	<i>History, Economics, Political Science.</i>	Mary Leddy.....	<i>English.</i>
Frances Caldwell.....	<i>Public Speaking, Dramatics.</i>	Docia Patchett.....	<i>Zoology.</i>
E. E. Carrier.....	<i>History.</i>	Walter Patchett.....	<i>Horticulture, Animal Husbandry.</i>
Helen G. Cochrane.....	<i>Music.</i>	A. B. Reynolds.....	<i>Spanish, Latin.</i>
Isabelle Donald.....	<i>French.</i>	Horace A. Scott.....	<i>Chemistry, Geology.</i>
J. C. Elkins.....	<i>Italian, Spanish.</i>	Esperance Slyhouse	<i>Psychology.</i>
O. W. Fortier.....	<i>Men's Physical Education,</i>	Pebe A. Struckmeyer.....	<i>History.</i>
C. T. Haentjens.....	<i>Mathematics, Civil Engineering.</i>	Mildred H. Turner....	<i>Women's Physical Education.</i>
Louise B. Hendrixson.....	<i>Astronomy, Geography.</i>	Josef Walter.....	<i>Orchestra.</i>
		Clara S. Waters.....	<i>Art.</i>





Walter Olsen

Francis Hatch

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Every year the graduating class has the chance to say it is the largest one to date. Such a statement is possible because ours is a growing institution. Next year that class will be the largest because the freshmen far outnumber us. We found this out, much to our discomfort, on Class Day in the fall semester.

We welcomed the freshmen into our fold at our annual reception. The success of that event was due largely to the efforts of our social manager, Marjorie Evart.

The officers who safely piloted the sophomores on their way in the fall semester were:

President	Walter Olsen
Vice-President.....	Wallace Hayes
Secretary-treasurer.....	Millicent Sinclair
Representatives to Executive Committee.....	Bernena Johnson, Walter Olsen

The officers for the spring semester:

President	Francis Hatch
Vice-president	David Sweeney
Secretary-treasurer	Bernena Johnson
Social Manager.....	Marjorie Allen
Representatives to the Finance Committee.....	Millicent Sinclair, Jack Carrington

On April 29th a dance was given as a reception to welcome the freshmen who entered in February and as a return for those freshmen who had entertained us in the fall. The affair was a huge success.

All during the two short years that we have been here, we have boosted the college and its good work, and by our untiring efforts we have kept up the good name of our Alma Mater.





WILMA STEINER

SANTA ROSA

MARJORIE EVART

PETALUMA

STANLEY SWAIN

SEBASTOPOL

ANITA COVEY

SANTA ROSA

ETHEL KINLEY

SANTA ROSA

ROWENA ROSE
GEYSERVILLE

ELEANOR LOHMAN
SEBASTOPOL

FRANCIS HATCH
SANTA ROSA

VIVIAN WASSON
HEALDSBURG

NOLA MEAD
SANTA ROSA





DAVID SWEENEY

PETALUMA

RHODA LITTON

HEALDSBURG

BETTY McCONAGHY

PETALUMA

MILICENT SINCLAIR

SEBASTOPOL

FRANK SOHLER

HEALDSBURG

PERRY AUSTIN
HEALDSBURG

27.



BERNENA JOHNSON
SANTA ROSA



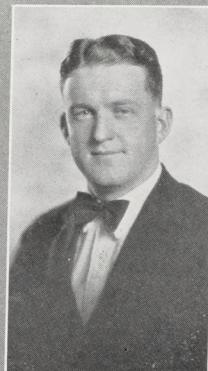
EDNA THARP
SEBASTOPOL

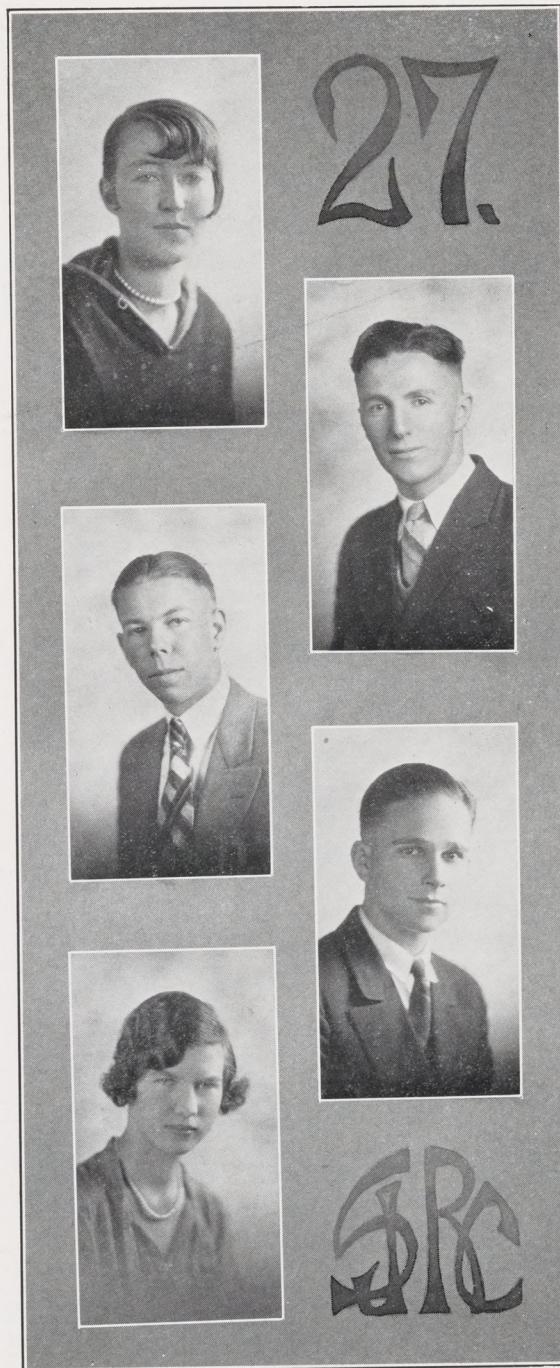


JUANITA BAIRD
SANTA ROSA



WALLACE HAYES
SANTA ROSA





FLORENCE HOWARD
COLORADO SPRINGS

ROBERT STEDMAN
SEBASTOPOL

MAX HENDRIX
KELSEYVILLE

DELMAS ALTEN
SEBASTOPOL

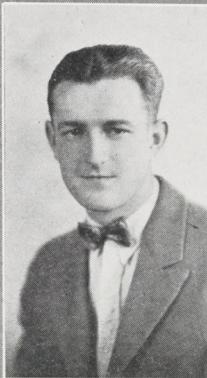
ANNA BOSCHEN
SANTA ROSA

DOROTHY COLE
PETALUMA

27.



WALTER ALBERTSON
HEALDSBURG



KENNETH EASTER
HEALDSBURG



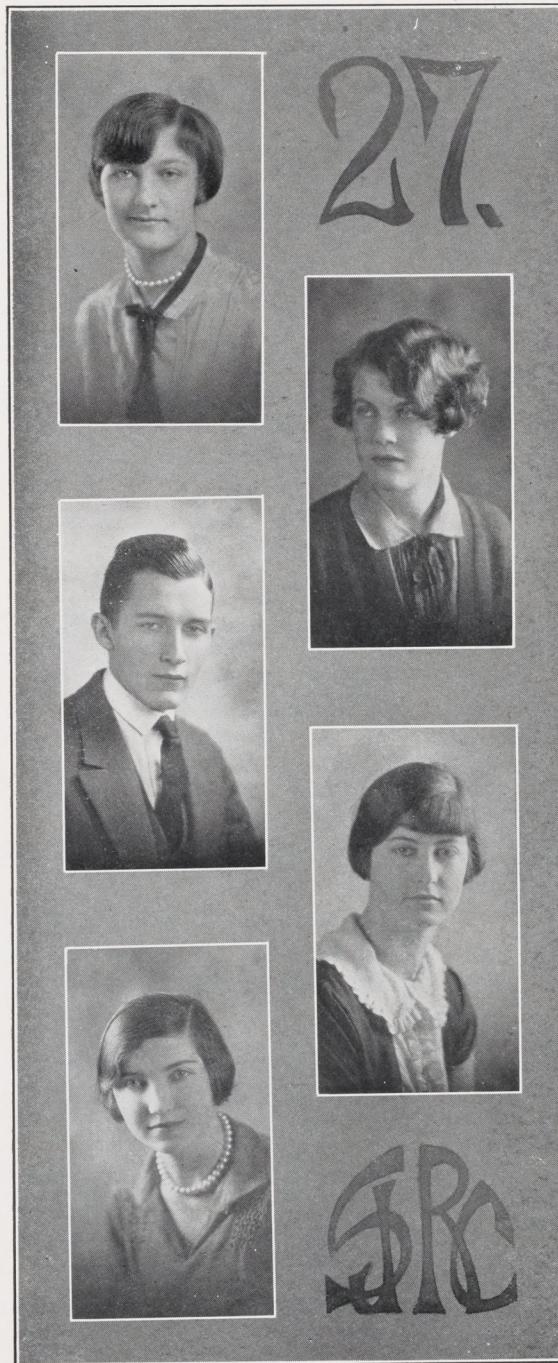
WESLEY GOODWIN
SANTA ROSA



ALICE PALMER
HEALDSBURG



SRC



LULU CADAN
SANTA ROSA

ESTER MAACK
PETALUMA

LAURENCE LEVENSALER
LAKEPORT

DOROTHY WIDDIES
SEBASTOPOL

ANITA WHEELER
SANTA ROSA

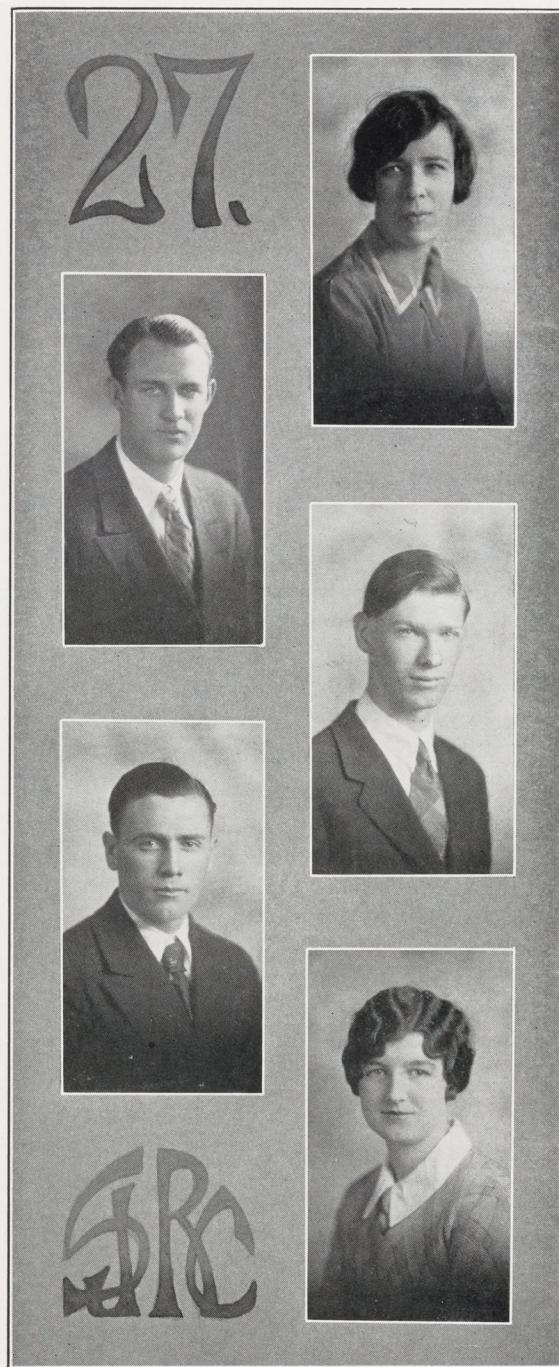
ELIZABETH WYLAND
SANTA ROSA

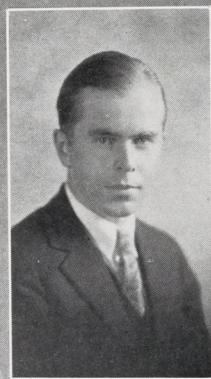
FRED FARQUAR
PETALUMA

GUSTAV LUND
SEBASTOPOL

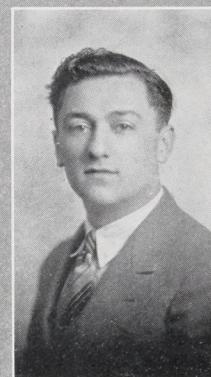
VIRGIL MUDD
SEBASTOPOL

MILDRED GREENE
LAKEPORT





27.



SRC

D'ARCY HUNT

SEBASTOPOL

MARJORIE ALLEN

SANTA ROSA

GENE LEARNED

PASADENA

LOUISE MASON

SEBASTOPOL

LOUIS SILVEIRA

SEBASTOPOL

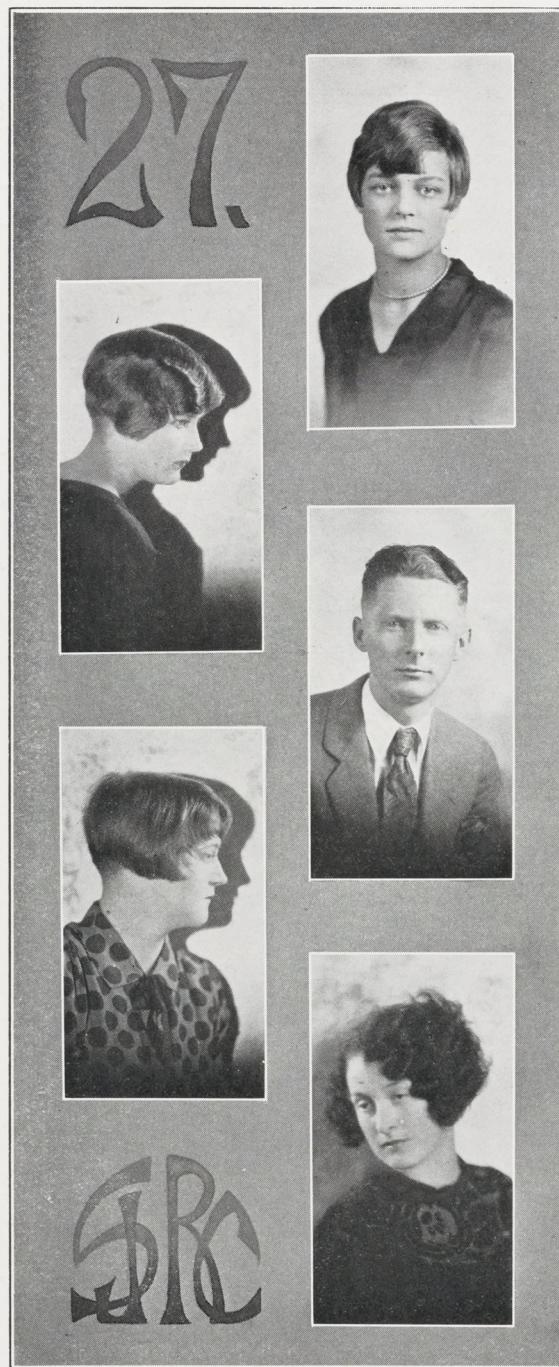
ALICE JORGENSEN
PETALUMA

DAISY ANDERSEN
PETALUMA

JACK CARRINGTON
SANTA ROSA

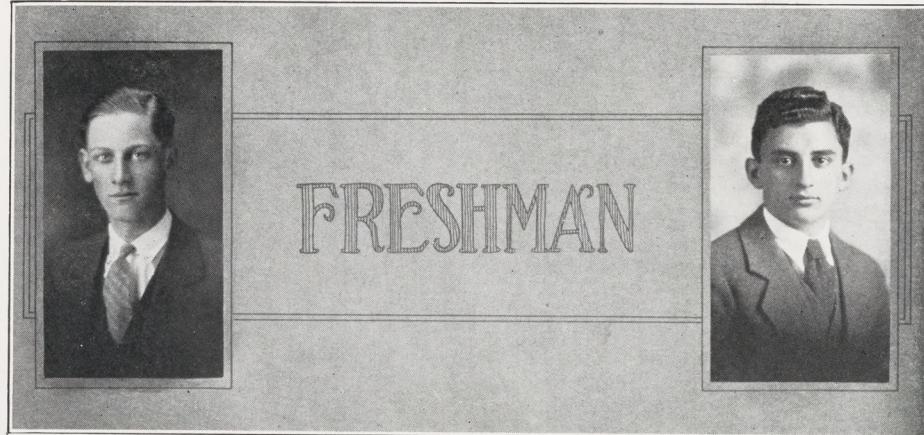
IRENE WATERS
SANTA ROSA

EVELYN BACIGALUPI
TAMALPAIS



FRESHMAN CLASS





Fred Finley

George Feliz

FRESHMAN CLASS

The freshman class of the Santa Rosa Junior College began the year with the following officers:

President	<i>Fred Finley</i>
Secretary-treasurer	<i>Katherine McMannis</i>
Freshman Representative	<i>Oliver Silveira</i>
Social Manager	<i>Annie Carmichael</i>

The most important event undertaken by the class during the first semester was a dance given at the Occidental Hotel in honor of the sophomores. The dance was termed a success by all those who attended, and the freshmen felt more than repaid for their efforts.

The freshmen were given additional cause for pride at the Junior College Day fracas when they carried away all honors from the sophomores.

The class* was governed the second semester by the following officers:

President	<i>George Feliz</i>
Vice-President	<i>DeWitt Krueger</i>
Secretary-treasurer	<i>Katherine McMannis</i>
Freshman Representative	<i>Howell Brown</i>
Social Manager	<i>Beatrice Churchill</i>

The usual spring dance given by the class was replaced this year by a student body party. However, the freshmen took the leading part in the work required to make it the delightful occasion that it was.

Aside from the dance, the class proved its value by joining the rest of the student body in the fight for a junior college district, and in presenting the annual Kollege Karnival.





ALUMNI

1923

Marjorie Anderson—*Teaching in Sonoma County.*
Ernest Baer—*Attending University of California.*
Herbert Brandon—*Working on the Santa Rosa Republican.*
Arnold Coltrin—*Attending University of Nevada.*
Violet Hastings—*Teaching at Linden High School.*
Bernard Holm—*Attending University of California School of Medicine.*
Melvin Holm—*Chemist for Standard Oil Co., Richmond.*
Fred Janssen—*Working in Sebastopol.*
Frances Jordan—*Living at Long Beach.*
Elvyn Pye—*Employed by Pacific Manifolding Book Co., Emeryville.*
Nelliana Pye—*Now Mrs. Melvin Peugh.*
Aleta Lynn—*Now Mrs. Wayne Rulofson, Cloverdale.*
Mildred Shelley—*Stenographer in Office of County Superintendent of Schools, S. R.*
Gertrude Willcox—*With American Trust Co., South Berkeley.*
Mildred Woodworth—*Living at home in Hessel.*

1924

Joel Mallory—*Living at home.*
Maybelle Nisson—*Attending University of California.*
Fred McMullen—*Attending Armstrong's, Berkeley.*
Evelyn Feliz—*Employed by California Real Estate Association, Los Angeles.*
Fred Rogers—*Attending Stanford University.*
Margaret Wright—*Employed by the A.A.A., Santa Rosa.*
Fred Fellows—*Attending Stanford University.*
Martha Erwin—*Attending University of California.*
Carl Witham—*Attending Sweet's Business College.*
Stacey Lee—*Attending University of California.*
Madeline Stout—*Teaching in Calistoga.*
William Olsen—*Chemist for Union Oil Company.*
Irma Curtis Anzini—*Living in San Mateo.*
Joseph Swyers—*Attending University of California.*
Ray Krotzer—*Working for Airplane Construction Company, Los Angeles.*
Helen Hamilton—*Now Mrs. Wallace Henderson, Oakland.*
Bryant Forsyth—*Pharmacist at the Old Soldiers' Home, Sawtelle.*
Howard Fry—*Attending San Jose Teachers College.*

1925

George Bath—*Attending Davis Agricultural College.*





Esther Serel—Teaching at Piner.
Gladys Bennyhoff—Attending College of Pacific.
Charles Niles, Jr.—Attending University of California.
Carleton Spridgen—Attending University of California.
Grace Nichols—Attending College of Pacific.
Henry Ravenscroft—Attending University of California.
Mary Ann Ravenscroft—Attending University of California.
Clarissa Collier—Attending University of California.
Edith Letold—Teaching at Cotati.
Ethel Wiggins—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Vera Peavler—Attending University of California.
Leveta Bell—Attending University of California, Southern Branch.
Stanley Austin—Farming at Healdsburg.
Dorothy Black—Attending University of California.
Rose Herbert—Attending University of California.
Margaret Doggett—Attending University of California.
Karl Saarinen—Attending University of California.
Frances Jones—Teaching at Fulton.
Waunema Jones—Teaching at Fulton.
Stuart Hale—Attending University of California.
Ellen Small—Attending University of California.
Norma Hastings—Attending University of California.
Edwin Hawkins—Attending Minnesota Lutheran College
Betty Bentley—Now Mrs. Ed. Gardner, San Rafael.
Joseph Cuneo—Attending College of Pharmacy, San Francisco

1926

Marjorie Corrick—Studying in San Francisco.
Doris Comstock—Attending College of Pacific.
Kenneth Brown—With the Press Democrat, Santa Rosa.
Inez Hamilton—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Dorothy Baird—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Mabel Wiggins—Living in Oakland.
Nick De Meo—Attending University of California.
Ferne Olsen—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Charlotte Leland—Now Mrs. Burgess Titus, Santa Rosa.
Donald Cordray—Oil Station Attendant, Santa Rosa.
Adon Poli—Attending University of California.
Pearl Foster—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Isabelle Bunyan—Attending San Jose Teachers College.
Philip Brownscombe—Attending University of California.
Antonie Koenig—Attending University of California.





Margaret Iles—*Attending University of California.*
Byron McCormick—*Attending University of California.*
Hattie Hopkins—*Attending San Jose Teachers College.*
Ivy Robbins—*Attending University of California.*
Charles De Meo—*Attending University of California.*
Max Estill—*Working at Skaggs.*
Martha Hanegress—*Attending University of California.*
Kenneth Parker—*Attending University of California.*
Meta Kleinworth—*Attending University of California.*
Laura Kett—*Residing in Virginia.*
Matthew Bunyan—*Attending University of California.*
Eleanor Williamson—*Attending College of Pacific.*
Alice Marie Byington—*Attending University of California.*
Isabelle Murray—*Attending Arcata Teachers College.*
Hubert McCormick—*Attending University of California.*
Earl Schilling—*Attending University of California.*
Clifton Young—*Attending San Francisco State Teachers College.*

SPECIAL HONOR STUDENTS

It is always of great interest to learn of the success and achievements of former junior college students, so we shall mention here a few of the students who have received special honors after leaving Santa Rosa Junior College.

Maybelle Nisson has distinguished herself in art work at the University of California and has been elected to Phi Beta Kappa. Among other distinctions she has recently been awarded a very splendid scholarship providing for the study of art abroad. Miss Nisson did exceptional work in this line while in junior college and deserves the honor she has received. Some of her work appears in the last Blue and Gold.

Kenneth Parker, '26, was recently elected president of the Forestry Club at the University of California. This club consists of over one hundred faculty and student members, so the honor he has received is very great.

Carleton Sprigden, '25, was elected a member of the Phi Beta Kappa honor society.

Mary Ann Ravenscroft was recently awarded first prize in the poetry contest held at the University of California, thus continuing her good literary work accomplished here.

Martha Erwin, '24, Mary Ann Ravenscroft, '25, and Antonie Koenig, '26, have had work in various University of California publications.





SOCIAL

FRESHMAN RECEPTION

On October eighteenth, social activities of the junior college were opened by the Freshman Reception, given by the sophomores at the Saturday Afternoon Club House. The club house was quaintly decorated in true Hallowe'en fashion. Jack-o'-lanterns arranged in a setting of corn stalks and grape vines created a rustic atmosphere. Marjorie Evart made a delightful hostess, and much credit should be given her.

THE FRESHMAN RETURN

The freshmen were hosts to the sophomores on January eighth, at the Occidental Hotel. The ballroom was cleverly and beautifully decorated with greens hung artistically about the entire room. Many alumni and out-of-town guests were present to enjoy the dance. Herb Work's orchestra furnished music for the evening.

HEARN DANCES

After the J. C. Day in the fall semester, a very informal and very enjoyable dance was given at the Hearn School, a few miles from town. Vassar's Collegians, one of the junior college orchestras, graciously provided the music. Because of the extreme informality of the affair it proved a delightful success.

Another informal dance was held March eighteenth, at the Hearn School, after the basketball game with Sacramento. The visiting teams were guests of the junior college students.

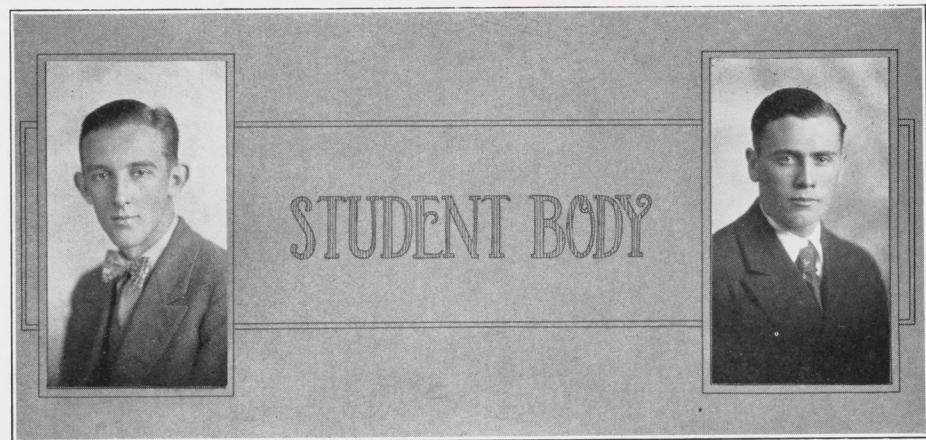
THE ROTARY LUNCHEON

The Rotary Club members were guests of the junior college at a luncheon, March thirtieth, in the cafeteria, under the supervision of Dean Bailey. President Virgil Mudd was chairman of the day and cordially welcomed the Rotarians on behalf of the student body. Jack Carrington and George Feliz spoke on the advantages of a junior college to the city. Gertrude Schuckman sang, and Beatrice Churchill gave a reading. Music was provided by Mr. Walter and the school orchestra. The decorations were effectively worked out in St. Patrick's colors by the Associated Women Students. This was the largest luncheon ever sponsored by the junior college, and it is planned that the affair is to be an annual event.

SOPHOMORES AGAIN HOSTS

On April twenty-ninth the sophomores again entertained with a garden dance at the Saturday Afternoon Club House. Russ Colwell's orchestra played. Spring blossoms on a background of greens made a striking setting for such a charming party.





Stanley Swain

Virgil Mudd

STUDENT BODY

One hundred and eighty-four students registered September seventeenth, nineteen twenty-six.

The student body officers for the fall semester were:

PRESIDENT	<i>Stanley Swain</i>
VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>Jack Carrington</i>
SECRETARY	<i>Nola Mead</i>
TREASURER	<i>Walter Albertson</i>
SOCIAL MANAGER	<i>Marjorie Evert</i>
EDITOR OF THE ANNUAL	<i>Francis Hatch</i>
BUSINESS MANAGER	<i>Fred Farquar</i>
ATHLETIC MANAGER	<i>Murray Watters</i>
YELL LEADERS	<i>Delmas Alten and Frank Gori</i>

One of the outstanding features of this semester was the formation of an executive committee, composed of student body officers and class representatives. As this committee governs the activities of the school, its duties are innumerable.

Two new officers were added this semester, an advertising manager and an





historian. The duties of the historian are to keep an account of all events of the school from year to year.

This year the Santa Rosa Junior College adopted an official seal to be used on papers, books, and stationery. Miss Ester Maack designed it, using the acorn and oak leaf as appropriate symbols.

Several good dances were given this semester, and the assemblies, in charge of the social manager, were made very interesting, with many fine and enjoyable speakers.

Spring semester began February seventh, with the following students in office:

PRESIDENT	<i>Virgil Mudd</i>
VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>Louis Silveira</i>
SECRETARY	<i>Margaret Maack</i>
SOCIAL MANAGER	<i>Betty McConaghy</i>
TREASURER	<i>Millicent Sinclair</i>
ATHLETIC MANAGER	<i>Julian Wells</i>
YELL LEADER	<i>Frank Gori</i>

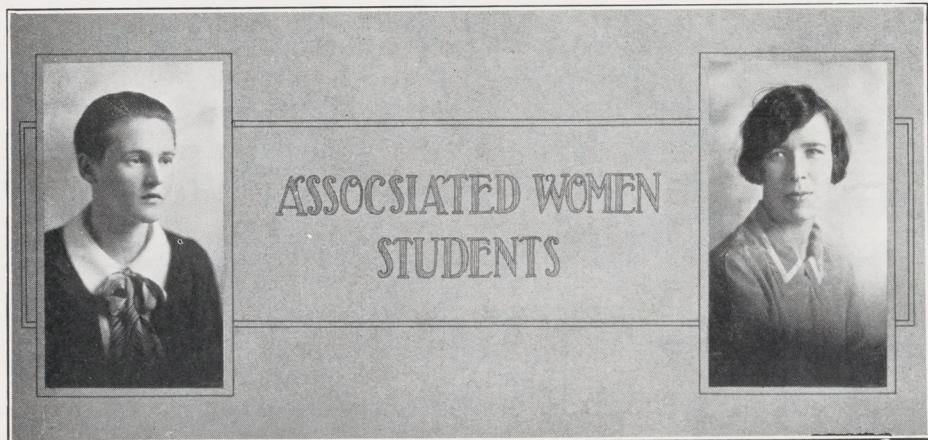
The assembly programs were made interesting by several entertaining speakers. On February twenty-first Baroness de Ropp gave us a most illuminating talk on Russia as compared with the United States. This was greatly appreciated by the students. On March fourth Mr. Fenton spoke. His subject was "Does Crime Pay?" Doctor Patmont was the final visiting speaker. His talk on war and the Mexican problem contained many fine thoughts.

Another very interesting event was the Rotary luncheon, in which the members of the Rotary Club were the guests of the Santa Rosa Junior College. The luncheon was held prior to the election to form a junior college district. Every student in the college was interested in the election, and each did all that was in his power to have the election carry, because he realized what it would mean to have a junior college district.

The next thing of interest was the Kollege Karnival. One need only say that this Karnival was as successful as its predecessors.

The organization dances, college picnic, farewell party, and the sophomore Dillons party made the last month of the school year one long to be remembered.





Priscilla Wightman

Elizabeth Wyland

ASSOCIATED WOMEN STUDENTS

The Associated Women Students opened the first semester of school with the following students in office:

PRESIDENT *Elizabeth Wyland*
SECRETARY AND TREASURER *Margaret Maack*

The election of officers for the second semester was held on February eighteenth, and the results were as follows:

PRESIDENT *Priscilla Wightman*
VICE-PRESIDENT *Bernena Johnson*
SECRETARY AND TREASURER *Katherine McMannis*

The Associated Women Students of Santa Rosa Junior College began the first semester of the year of twenty-six—twenty-seven with a tea, given by the sophomores for the freshmen, on September twenty-ninth. Beautiful decorations, consisting of flowers in autumn colors, and bright colored grape vines, were artistically arranged. Those present expressed their pleasure and congratulated the sophomores as excellent hostesses.

As their second event the A.W.S. provided the bonfire supper for the Junior College Field Day, which took place on November first.

During the Christmas season the A.W.S. supplied the candy, and decorated the Christmas tree for the dance given in the Lincoln Auditorium.

It has been the custom in the past years for the A.W.S. to have a May Day breakfast. This event has usually opened a fete day, and has been an event eagerly





anticipated by all women students. This year, however, it was decided to present a May Day Pageant in place of the breakfast and fete day. A contest was held in which the women eagerly participated and which resulted in several original pageants. From this group, a pageant written by Millicent Sinclair was chosen.

An election was held to determine who should be the queen. The name of the winner, however, was kept a secret until May thirteenth, the evening of the pageant, when she was crowned by the fairies. A large assemblage witnessed the coronation in a natural setting under the beautiful old oak trees.

The production was the most difficult task which the A.W.S. has ever undertaken, and was accomplished with great success. It was entirely a student production, and the cast included every woman student in junior college.

A student committee under the supervision of Miss Caldwell selected the cast of characters. Dorothy Widdoes had charge of making the vast number of costumes needed, which were cleverly and beautifully designed by Ester Maack. The women were fortunate in having the aid of the Junior College Mothers' Club in the actual making of the costumes.

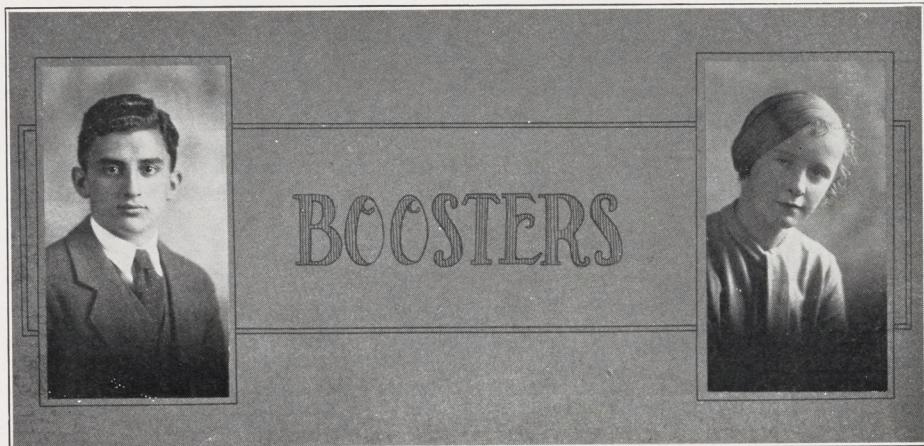
Annie Carmichael, Sonoma Talbot, Ethelyn Hollis, and Marjorie Allen prepared the attractive dancing numbers which did so much towards making the pageant a success.

The Junior College Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. V. Walter, provided the delightful music, and Armand Saare managed the exquisite lighting in his expert manner.

Lulu Cadan, Irene Waters, Helen Stephens, and Pauline Sullivan managed other committees, under the helpful hand of the Dean of Women, Miss Genevieve Mott. The wonderful cooperation of all women students on this occasion did much towards fostering a spirit of fellowship.

It is the hope of every member of the A.W.S. that this affair will become a tradition, and that each year the Associated Women Students will produce a larger and more elaborate pageant.





George Feliz
President

Betty McConaghy
Secretary

THE BOOSTER CLUB.

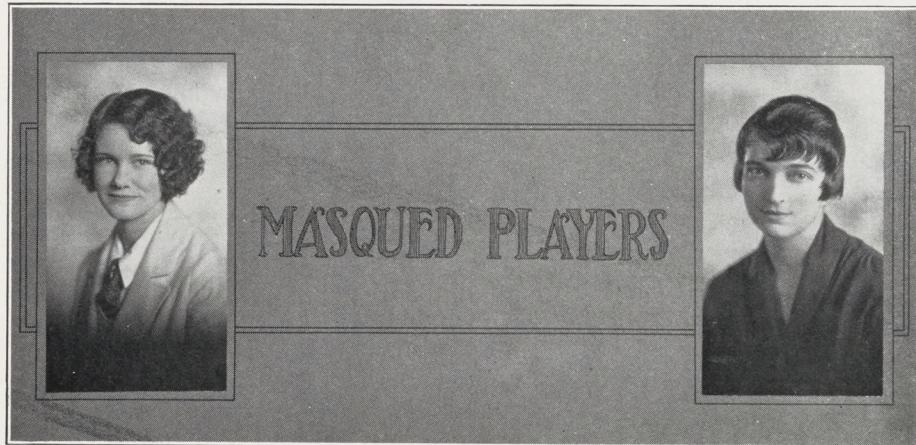
The Booster Club is a new organization in junior college and is growing rapidly. However, time will be required for it to arouse enthusiasm and reach the height of its possibilities.

The duties of the club are to further interest in school activities, to promote all junior college undertakings, and to stimulate enthusiasm. To accomplish these aims the organization elects only students who have distinguished themselves in some college activity or have shown their ability to boost.

The Booster Club has drawn up and adopted a constitution, has raised its membership from ten to twenty, and has elected its officers. To prove the value of such a club, purposes already accomplished by it should be mentioned. The ticket sale for the Kollege Karnival was controlled and successfully put over by the Boosters. The Rotary Luncheon was another function sponsored and efficiently conducted by the Booster Club. The activities of the club were closed with a very fitting and appropriate program honoring and commemorating Mother's Day. In numerous capacities the organization aided the Associated Women Students in arrangements for the May pageant.

The Booster Club is now in its metamorphic state, but it is the hope of its members that it will some day be regarded as an outstanding part of the Santa Rosa Junior College.





Katherine McMannis

Gene Learned

MASQUED PLAYERS

To further the interest of students in dramatics by creating an opportunity for advanced study and acting, the Masqued Players was organized. Meetings are held semi-monthly, the membership being limited to those students enrolled in the dramatic classes and to those who, by reason of their merit and interest shown, are deemed worthy members.

On January twenty-first, a one-act play, "Red Carnations," was presented in assembly. The cast included Virgil Mudd, Marjorie Allen, and Byron Churchill. Before the semester is over, the organization expects to put on a three-act play for public performance.

OFFICERS

FALL

<i>Gene Learned</i>	PRESIDENT	<i>Gene Learned</i>
<i>Sidney Cleek</i>	VICE-PRESIDENT	<i>Byron Churchill</i>
<i>Katherine McMannis</i>	SECRETARY	<i>Katherine McMannis</i>
<i>Phil Voyne</i>	TREASURER	<i>Clair MacLeod</i>
<i>Louis Silveira</i>	SOCIAL MANAGER	<i>Annie Carmichael</i>

SPRING





Francis Hatch

Fred Farquar

STAFF

Editor	<i>Francis Hatch</i>
Associate Editor	<i>Alice Jorgensen</i>
Assistant Editor	<i>Edna Tharp</i>
Manager	<i>Fred Farquar</i>
Literary	<i>Alice Jorgensen</i>
Social	<i>Betty McConaghy</i>
Feature	<i>Walter Albertson</i>
Drama	<i>Gene Learned</i>
Football	<i>Bob Stedman</i>
Other Athletics	<i>Harry Edwards</i>
A. W. S.	<i>Margaret Maack</i>
Snaps	<i>Kuni Nakano</i>
Freshmen	<i>Katherine McMannis</i>
Sophomores	<i>Bernena Johnson</i>
Student Body	<i>Nola Mead</i>
Alumni	<i>Annie Carmichael</i>





*Millicent Sinclair
Gene Learned
Nola Mead
Margaret Maack*

*Betty McConaghy
Walter Albertson
Kuni Nakano
Robert Stedman
Harry Edwards*

*Alice Jorgensen
Edna Tharp
Annie Carmichael
Katherine McMannis*



ART



HE work of the junior college in the various groups of the Art Department is becoming more diversified and gratifying with each semester. The enrollment has more than doubled in the past year, and the personnel of the classes and the type of work accomplished are more satisfactory with each term.

All types of graphic art are offered, so that young men and women who have been privileged to take art training before entering college find opportunity to continue advanced work along art lines; while those who have for various reasons been deterred from work of this nature may take beginning work and thus make good any earlier lack. All courses offered, duplicate or parallel similar course offered at the universities and normal schools, and receive equal credit for the same grade and amount of work.

A popular line of study offered by this department each semester is a course in Art Appreciation—combined during the fall term with Civic Art and during the spring term with the History of Art Development through the centuries.

The art students have also lent their abilities in assisting college activities. A number of clever posters were designed and made in the department for the Kollege Karnival. The members of the Pen and Ink and Costume Designing classes have aided at entertainments by making artistic decorations and favors. Finally, every student has given admirable cooperation in the creation of the art work for the Patrin.

MUSIC

During the fall semester the men's class was called on to aid in several programs. Although the men's class had no definitely organized double-quartet, it was ready and willing to work something up for any occasion.

In the spring semester there were many and varied opportunities for the men's and women's classes to take part in the school activities. The musical comedy, "Cupid's Night Out", presented Kollege Karnival night, was a huge success. Although it consisted of but one act, the scenes were very cleverly and attractively worked out. Gertrude Schuckman as Ruth, and Jack Carrington as William, executed their parts with a professional air. Lulu Cadan, Ruth's Aunt Lillian, and Fred Farquar, William's friend, made the plot very interesting. Ethelyn Hollis, Freidolph's animated doll, did a very clever little dance which was enthusiastically applauded by the audience. Sonoma Talbot, who is always good, delighted everyone with her offering to the program. Last, but certainly not least, Ken Brown and his dancing girls





JUNIOR COLLEGE ORCHESTRA

were a pleasing variation. The men in their tuxedos and the girls in colored sport and formal dresses made a very striking scene in the choruses.

Miss Cochrane is to be complimented on the manner in which she so competently directed the production.

The really big musical event was the production of "Pan in America." The big porch and the roof of the hallway between the main building and the auditorium were made to form two stages. The roof, or upper stage, was transformed into the likeness of Mt. Olympus. On the broad lower stage was represented the country in which the episodes took place. The prologue and epilogue were scened on Mt. Olympus. With the exception of Herbert Farrar, who played Pan, the junior college people alone took the parts of characters on Mt. Olympus. The three episodes featuring: Pan bringing music to the Indians; Pan bringing music to the colonial people; Pan bringing music to the children, were almost entirely portrayed by the high school music students.

This production not only gave the music students a chance to take part, but gave almost all the students in the school opportunity to aid directly or indirectly in one way or another. The Art Department, under guidance of Mrs. Waters, made the designs and painted the scenery. Mr. Patchett's boys made the audience as comfortable as possible by making the floor for the chairs.





"Pan in America" was by far the biggest performance that the high school and junior college have ever attempted. It was made possible by the remarkable ability of Miss Cochrane in putting over any affair of this kind.

Not all the musical ability of the Santa Rosa Junior College is concentrated in the choral work, however. Under the direction of Mr. J. V. Walter, a junior college concert orchestra, consisting of five violins, two clarinets, cello, trumpet, saxophone, and bass viol, has been organized. Being a new orchestra, it has not made many public appearances. The most interesting work done was the furnishing of the music for the Associated Women's May pageant.

This has in every sense been the best year in the history of the Junior College Music Department.

DRAMA

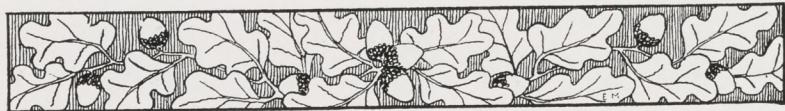
THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

An evening of one-act plays was presented by Miss Caldwell's high school and junior college dramatic classes on November twelfth. The cast of "Cooks and Cardinals" was composed of high school students. "The Ghost Story," by Booth



One Egg

[40]





The Ghost Story

Tarkington, was the main success of the evening, although "Boots" Silveira was outstanding in "One Egg."

CAST—"ONE EGG"

Man	Sidney Cleek
Girl	Edith Wolfe
Waiter	Louis Silveira

CAST—"THE GHOST STORY"

George	Antone Trigeiro
Anna	Helen Stephens
Grace	Dorothy Seawell
Mary	Pauline Sullivan
Lennie	Katherine McMannis
Tom	Irving Wright
Floyd	Frank Zeller
Lynn	Russell Mellinger
Fred	Stanford Pulliam
House Maid.....	Bessie Walker





CHRISTMAS PAGEANT

Again in collaboration with the high school dramatic students, a Christmas pageant, "Why the Chimes Rang," was presented on December ninth. The pageant, under the able direction of Miss Frances Caldwell, was a benefit performance for Fred Feliz, being sponsored by the Kiwanis, Lions, and Rotary clubs, and by the Parent-Teacher Association. So well was the pageant received that it was repeated before the students in assembly the following day.

CAST

Story Teller.....	<i>Gene Learned</i>
King.....	<i>John Zurlo</i>
Queen.....	<i>Rose Moody</i>
Priest	<i>DeWitt Krueger</i>
Little Brother.....	<i>Helen Blount</i>
Court Ladies	Court Gentlemen
	Peasant Girls and Boys

"MERTON OF THE MOVIES"

"Merton of the Movies" was presented by a well-trained cast on the evening of April first. Those who dared venture out in the misty atmosphere were well pleased with the college actors. Special credit for the success of the play should go to the director, Miss Caldwell; to DeWitt Krueger, who played the lead as Merton; to Virgil Mudd, the all-important movie director; to Katherine McMannis,



Merton of the Movies





Merton of the Movies

who interpreted the character of the casting director to perfection; and to Harold Farquar, who, as Parmalee, was certainly the dude.

CAST

Merton.....	DeWitt Krueger
Montague Girl.....	Marjorie Evart
Casting Director.....	Katherine McMannis
Rosenblatt.....	Virgil Mudd
Parmalee.....	Harold Farquar
Beulah.....	Helen Stephens
Weller.....	Oliver Silveira
Gashwiler	Frank Zeller
Elmer Huff.....	Charlie Connelly
Tessie Kearns.....	Pauline Sullivan
Pa Montague.....	Antone Trigeiro
Muriel.....	Dorothy Seawell
Jeff Baird.....	Byron Churchill
Camera Man.....	Richard Warfield
Walberg.....	Sidney Cleek
Mrs. Patterson.....	Bernice Hendrix





ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL

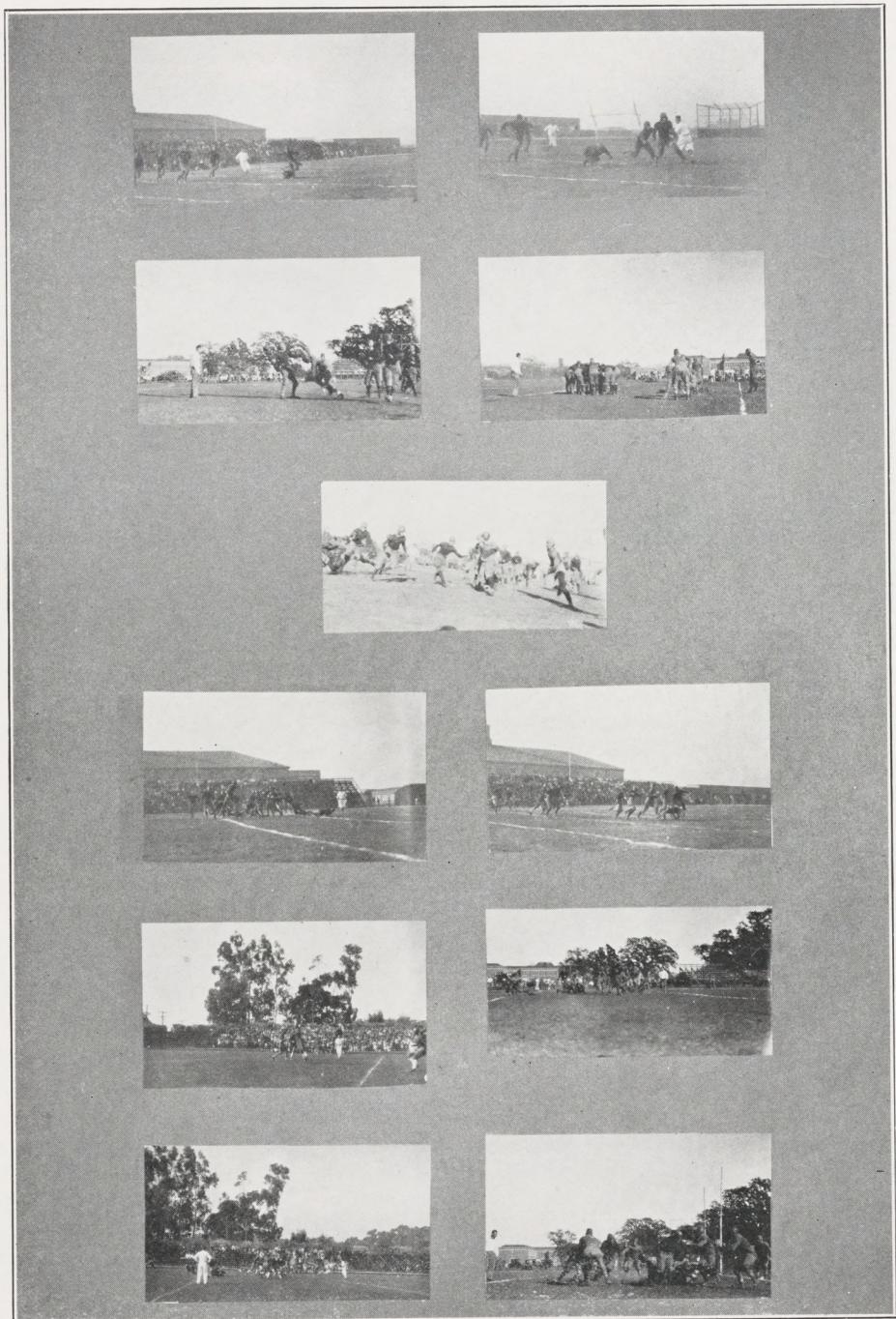
Coach C. J. "Red" Tauzer faced the difficult task this year of building up a football team from a very small squad of players. Not only were there few to pick from, but they failed to turn out regularly for practice, making it doubly difficult for "Red", who kindly gave his services and time away from his profession, to help the college in this important sport. Tauzer had to break in some green material, and at the same time he had to shift players used to playing backfield positions into the line where there was a scarcity of material. Several practice scrimmages were held with the high school to give the men a little experience for their conference games. As S. R. J. C. did not start as soon as the other colleges in the California Coast Conference, it was too difficult to whip the men into shape for the first scheduled game, which was to have been played with Chico on the Chico gridiron. It was found necessary to forfeit.

S. R. J. C. 12—13 Modesto J. C.

The Red and Blue players fought a wonderful battle against the strong Modesto gridders on the local field, October 16. They outplayed the visitors until the last few minutes of play, when they weakened and lost out by one point, with the score 13-12. At half time our men were leading by a 12-0 score, and they had been playing rings around the Modestoans. Because of the short time they had been in training, the fellows were not able to keep up with the pace for more than through the third quarter. In the fourth quarter the visitors began using their husky full-back, Van Toggen, to good advantage in end runs and off tackle plays and were able to score two touchdowns and one convert. The last score came when a Modesto back intercepted a pass and ran to the 40 yard line before being downed. Several big gains and a seventeen yard pass placed them within a few feet of the goal, where they were held for three downs before they could get the ball across. The tackling of Captain Fred Farquar was outstanding.

The lineup: Virgil Sullivan and Phil Voyne, ends; Harold Clymo and Bob Stedman, tackles; "Boots" Silveira and "Big Bill" Peterson, guards; Kenneth Thompson, center; Virgil Mudd, quarterback; Captain Fred Farquar and Pete Aguirre, half-backs; Floyd "Shorty" Talbot, fullback. The subs were Herschel Niles for Voyne; Julian Wells for Peterson, Julio Perelli-Minetti for Wells.







FOOTBALL TEAM

Left to right, top row—I. Wright, D. McDonell, R. Melling, J. Perelli-Minetti, V. Mudd, H. Niles, Coach Tauzer, H. Farquar, C. Vassar, P. Voyne, Peterson. Lower row—M. Harrington, K. Thompson, F. Talbot, H. Clymo, R. Stedman, F. Farquar, L. Silveira, J. Wright.

S. R. J. C. 13—42 San Mateo J. C.

San Mateo proved to have a heavier, faster team, and our men played too inconsistently on the southern gridiron on October 23, with the result that San Mateo rolled up a score of 42-13 in their favor. Julio Perelli-Minetti and Phil Voyne did some outstanding work for the Red and Blue players. Both Santa Rosa touchdowns were made on breaks; one when Virgil Mudd picked up a fumbled ball and ran ninety-eight yards behind the interference of Harold Farquar for a touchdown, and the other when Joe Mannix intercepted a forward pass and galloped thirty yards to score.

S. R. J. C. 0—47 Sacramento J. C.

On November 6 the Red and Blue warriors went to Sacramento, where they tangled with the capitol city collegians and lost by a 47-0 score. The opponents had the strongest team in the conference and demonstrated the fact during the game. Santa Rosa fumbled frequently and lacked the power to push the ball across the line when near the goal. Harold Farquar made some pretty end runs, and Phil Voyne and Herschel Niles did some exceptional work in the end positions.

S. R. J. C. 12—6 San Jose S. T. C.

Playing a wonderful game against the heavy San Jose teachers on the local gridiron November 13, the Red and Blue warriors took a well earned victory by the





score of 12-6. At half time the score was tied at 6 all, but our men completely outplayed the visitors in the second half and crossed the goal line for the winning touchdown. Santa Rosa kicked deep into enemy territory in this half and waited for the breaks. By using two line buckers, our men broke up the visitor's strong passing attack and prevented any big gains through the line. The Red and Blue crisscross plays and reverse plays worked to perfection and had the teachers bewildered. The visitors outweighed our men about twenty pounds to the man and had the further advantage of a muddy field to stop our light backs. The Santa Rosa touchdowns were made by Kenneth Thompson and Fred Farquar.

The lineup: Phil Voyne, Herschel Niles, and Virgil Sullivan, ends; Harold Clymo and Bob Stedman, tackles; Bill Peterson, Merrill Harrington, "Boots" Silveira, and Julio Perelli-Minetti, guards; Kenneth Thompson, center; Virgil Mudd, quarterback; Captain Fred Farquar and Harold Farquar, halfbacks; "Shorty" Talbot, fullback.

BASKETBALL

Our basketball teams did not make any wonderful record this year so far as the scoring of points was concerned, but they worked hard, fought hard and clean, and steadily improved until at the end of the season they were playing games of which the college is justly proud. Coach O. W. Fortier of the high school was secured to coach basketball this year because of the fact that C. J. "Red" Tauzer, who has always coached the teams in the past, was unable to give any more time from his law profession after the close of the football season. Coach Fortier's style of play was new to most of the players, and it took some time for them to become accustomed to it. But when the fellows did learn to play together under his system, they gave their opposition plenty to worry about during the course of their contests.

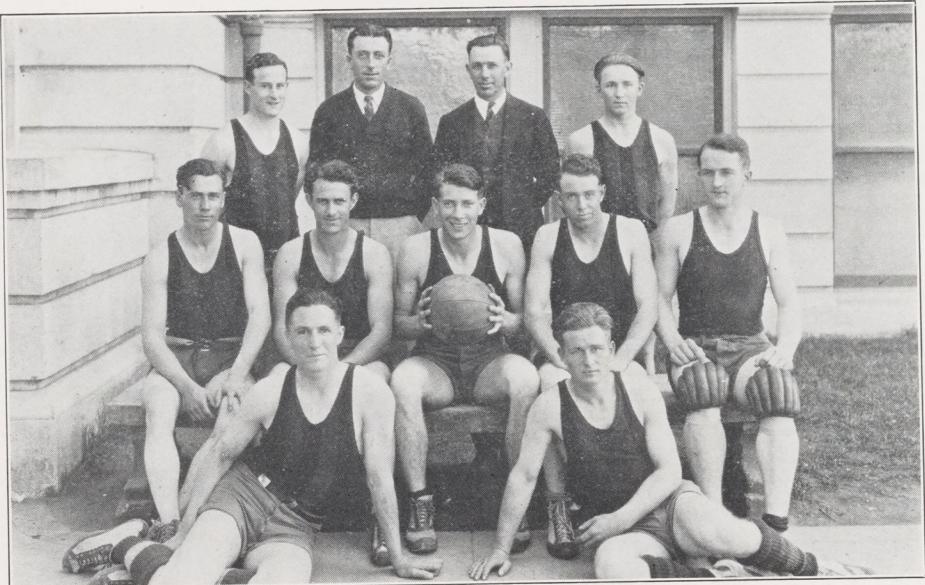
For the first time, Santa Rosa Junior College was represented by a 145 pound team this year. The lightweight players were fast and used good team work to establish a good record for the season. Although there was no 145 pound division in the conference competition, the fellows were able to get plenty of games with teams around this section of the county. Let us hope that the college will continue to have a lightweight team in the future, as it gives the smaller fellows a chance to enter into athletics, and also prepares material for the following year's varsity squad.

UNLIMITED TEAM RECORD.

S. R. J. C. 28-15 Evening High

As practice did not begin until after the Christmas holidays, the fellows had had only a few days' practice when they played their first game of the season with the Evening High School 145-pound team. By presenting a strong defense and a driving offense, the team was able to hand the night school players a 28-15 beating on the





HEAVYWEIGHT TEAM

*Left to right, top row—H. Farquar, Mgr. Wells, Coach Fortier, C. Vassar.
Middle row—V. Mudd, F. Farquar, H. Clymo, F. Talbot, G. Thorne.
Lower row—R. Stedman, A. Clapp.*

evening of January 6. The men who played in this game were Fred Farquar, Vincent Gracin, Graeme Thorne, Bob Stedman, Harold Clymo, Phil Voyne, and Merrill Harrington. Clymo and Gracin tied for high point honors with 13 points each.

S. R. J. C. 6-57 San Jose

In their first conference game of the season and with but one practice game preceding it, the local men were handed a severe beating by the San Jose teachers on the southern court on the evening of January 28. The fellows were unable to stop the opposing forwards and could not play together well enough to enable themselves to sink the ball through the hoop for tallies.

S. R. J. C. 9-39 San Jose.

On the following evening the junior college players showed more power and held the teachers to the smaller score of 39-9. Better defensive work accounted for the score. The players in these two games were Vincent Gracin, Paul Blodgett, Harold Farquar, Harold Clymo, and Bob Stedman, forwards; "Shorty" Talbot, center; Fred Farquar, Graeme Thorne, and Virgil Mudd, guards.

S. R. J. C. 17-37 Chico.

After playing the strong Chico aggregation on an even basis and after having held the lead in the first half, the Red and Blue players could not find the basket in





the second half and lost to the visitors by a score of 37-17 on the evening of February 11, on the annex court. The Chico players cut down our lead and scored several goals to make the score 16-11 in their favor at half time. A good deal of the visitors' scoring was done on long shots, with Wilson exhibiting a very good eye for the basket. The lineup included Paul Blodgett, Harold Clymo, Harold Farquar, and Cyril Vassar, forwards; "Shorty" Talbot and Clymo, centers; Fred Farquar, Graeme Thorne, Vincent Gracin, and Kenneth Thompson, guards.

S. R. J. C. 9-30 Chico.

On the next night, Chico again displayed a good eye for the basket, and made a good many shots from inside the local first line of defense, to score a 30-9 victory. The Santa Rosa men did not exhibit a very strong offense as a team, although Captain "Shorty" Talbot played a very good game by covering the court quickly and by fighting hard. Thorne played a good defensive game by jumping high into the air after the ball to stop many of Chico's plays. The lineup was composed of H. Clymo, C. Vassar, and P. Blodgett, forwards; F. Talbot, center; V. Gracin, G. Thorne, and F. Farquar, guards.

S. R. J. C. 19-22 San Mateo.

On the next night they battled the San Mateo players on a more than even basis and threatened to take the game but for the refereeing of the contest. The spectators were all agreed that the Santa Rosa fellows were given a hard deal in this respect. A last minute rally won the game for San Mateo.

S. R. J. C. 27-34 Modesto.

The home team sprang a big surprise on the annex court on the night of February 25 when they battled the strong Modesto team to a 34-27 score and played on an almost even basis during the entire game. Just before the end of the first half the visitors made several goals, to jump into the lead with a 20-15 score at half time. The men showed their calibre in this, their best game of the season. The best rooting section of the year was organized by yell-leader Frank Gori, and some real spirit was put into the men by its support. The team was composed of Clymo, C. Vassar, P. Blodgett, and Gracin, forwards; Talbot, center; F. Farquar and Thorne, guards.

S. R. J. C. 14-40 Modesto.

After holding the lead until four minutes before the end of the first half, the locals seemed to lose their fire and to break down and give way to the fighting Modestoans on the following evening. The score at half time was 12-6. By easily breaking through the Santa Rosa defense and by exhibiting some pretty good shooting, the visitors were able to pile up a 40-14 score before the game ended.





The same lineup was used in this game as on the night before, with the addition of Virgil Mudd at guard.

S. R. J. C. 34-31 Sacramento.

The locals scored their first conference win of the season when they took the Sacramento players into camp by a 34-31 score on the annex court on the night of March 4. At half time the score stood at 18-13 in favor of Santa Rosa. At the beginning of the third quarter, the Santa Rosans piled up a 30-14 score against the visitors but were not able to hold this lead when the capitol city players showed a burst of speed to close up the gap in the score. The lineup was composed of Clymo, Farquar, Clapp, and Vassar, forwards; Talbot, center; F. Farquar, Thorne, and Mudd, guards.

S. R. J. C. 25-23 Sacramento.

The next night found the two teams playing on an even basis, with Santa Rosa winning out by the margin of one goal. At half time the score stood at 10-12 in favor of the locals, and in the second half each team scored 13 points to keep the game on the same basis. The lineup included Clymo, C. Vassar, and H. Farquar, forwards; Talbot, center; F. Farquar, Mudd, and Thorne, guards. This game marked the end of the conference season.

S. R. J. C. 26-26 Marin.

In a post season game, on the evening of March 9, the Red and Blue players were unable to find the goal on the large Marin court and consequently lost the contest by a 36-26 score. The players for Santa Rosa were H. Farquar, Vassar, Clymo, and Clapp, forwards; Talbot, center; F. Farquar, Thorne, Mudd, and Stedman, guards.

S. R. J. C. 35-39 Marin

In the return contest played on the annex court here on March 11, the local men gave the Marin visitors a hard fight for the victor's honors but lost by the margin of two goals. Our men were forging ahead rapidly and would no doubt have evened the score if the gun had not ended the game when it did. With the exception of Clapp, the lineup was the same as in the previous game. This game ended the season for S. R. J. C.

LIGHTWEIGHT TEAM RECORD.

S. R. J. C. 27-21 Sebastopol Boys' Club.

In their first game of the season, played on the annex court on the evening of February 11, the lightweights defeated the strong Boys' Club team from Sebastopol by a 27-21 score in a fast and exciting contest. The visitors led by a 5-4 score at the end of the first quarter, but the college men overtook them and held the lead for the remainder of the game. The lineup included Bert Clapp, Logan Anker, and Art McCray, forwards; Montgomery and David Sweeney, centers; Sidney Cleek, Lilburn Vassar, and Phil Voyne, guards.

S. R. J. C. 17-16 Evening High School 145's.

Another fast and exciting game was played the next night with the Evening High School Lightweights, the junior college finally winning out by a 17-16 score.





LIGHTWEIGHT TEAM

*Left to right, top row—D. Sweeney, Coach Fortier, Mgr. Wells, A. Trigeiro.
Middle row—L. Anker, D. Alten, A. Clapp, L. Vassar, S. Cleek.
Lower row—J. Montgomery, A. McCray.*

At half time the score was 9-4 in Santa Rosa's favor, and at the end of the third quarter it stood 12-11 in favor of the junior college. The lineup was composed of Bert Clapp and Logan Anker, forwards; J. Warren Montgomery, center; Lilburn Vassar, Delmas Alten, and Sidney Cleek, guards.

S. R. J. C. 14-5 S. R. De Molay 145's.

After having been held to the close score of 7-5 in the first half by the De Molay lightweights, the men had things pretty much their own way in the second half of their game played on the annex court on the evening of February 25, and scored 7 points while holding their opponents scoreless. Those playing were Bert Clapp and Delmas Alten, forwards; J. Warren Montgomery and Phil Voyne, centers; Lilburn Vassar, and Antone Trigeiro, guards.

S. R. J. C. 15-21 S. R. H. S. 1928 Varsity.

On the evening of March 2 the lightweights were defeated by the Santa Rosa High School 1928 varsity by a 15-21 score. The lightweights played a fast game, but the high school team proved to be a little two heavy for the college players.

S. R. J. C. 21-6 Marin 145's.

In their last game of the season, played on the Marin court on the evening of March 9, our boys handed the Marin lightweights a 21-6 drubbing in a regular runaway. Those playing were Anker, McCray, and Clapp, forwards; Montgomery, Sweeney, and Stedman, centers; L. Vassar, Trigeiro, and Cleek, guards.





BASEBALL TEAM

Left to right, top row—Coach Fortier, V. Mudd, C. Vassar, V. Gracin, Mgr. Wells, G. Thorne. Lower row—L. Vassar, R. Stedman, F. Farquar, F. Gori, H. Clymo.

BASEBALL

Although a large number of students signed up for baseball practice at the start of the season, just about enough actually turned out to make up a team. The players worked together under Captain Clymo and Athletic Manager Julian Wells.

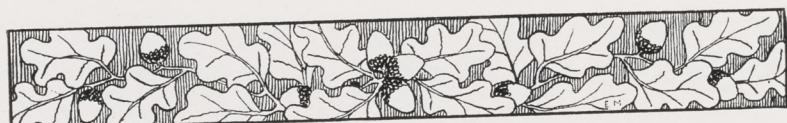
S. R. J. C. 3—2 Rincon Valley Bees

The collegians opened the season March 18 by defeating the Rincon Valley Bees by a 3-2 score in an exciting game played on the old college lot diamond. The game was scheduled to run only six innings, but after making the score 2-0 in their favor at the end of the fifth inning, our boys allowed their opponents to score two runs to tie the score and necessitated an extra inning of play. The college pushed across a run in the seventh inning and held the Bees scoreless to win the game. The lineup included Captain Harold Clymo, p; Virgil Mudd, c; Fred Farquar, 1b; Lilburn Vassar, 2b; Vincent Gracin, ss; Bob Stedman, 3b; Logan Anker, lf; Steve Witham, cf; Cyril Vassar, rf.

S. R. J. C. 11—2 Santa Rosa High School

The junior college scored an easy victory over the Panthers, March 23, when they batted the ball in every direction and exhibited an airtight defense to score eleven runs to the Panthers' lone two. Clymo's curves were too much for the Panthers as were Cyril Vassar's fast balls when he replaced Clymo later in the game.

The lineup was composed of Captain Harold Clymo, p; Frank Gori, Merrill





Harrington, and Virgil Mudd, c; Fred Farquar, 1b; Lilburn Vassar, 2b; Vincent Gracin, ss; Bob Stedman, 3b; Cyril Vassar, lf; Steve Witham, cf; Graeme Thorne, rf.

S. R. J. C. 14—0 Beebe's Bullets

After slaughtering the ball for four innings and scoring 14 runs against the Bullets April 4, the college players called the game off because there was not enough competition and they were getting winded running around the bases. The men exhibited a steady game in all departments, while the Bullets might just as well have been in the bleachers as far as their effectiveness was concerned.

The lineup: Cyril Vassar and Harold Clymo, p; Virgil Mudd, c; Fred Farquar, 1b; Bob Stedman, 2b; Vincent Gracin, ss; Frank Gori and Floyd "Shorty" Talbot, 3b; Graeme Thorne, lf; Lilburn Vassar, cf; Captain Clymo and Merrill Harrington, rf.

S. R. J. C. 6—4 Petaluma High School

The collegians took Petaluma down the line April 6, when they won out by a score of 6-4 in a thrilling game at Petaluma. The local men scored one run in the first inning, while the Petalumans scored two to take the lead. Things were evened up in the third inning when the collegians scored two runs to Petaluma's one to make the score three all. Three more runs in the seventh inning put the team out in front, and Petaluma's lone tally in the seventh inning was not enough to prevent the collegians from taking the game.

S. R. J. C. 2—8 Marin Junior College

The junior college men suffered their first defeat of the season April 23, when they made a number of errors in the latter part of their game with the Marin collegians and allowed them to push across eight runs to the two for themselves. It is significant that all Marin's runs were made on errors. Captain Harold Clymo did some good work on the mound, although the southerners batted their offerings in the seventh inning to score three runs, aided by errors. The local men's first run came when Frank Gori tapped out a two-base hit and scored on Clymo's hit. The second run was scored in the ninth frame, when Clymo knocked out a two-base hit and crossed the plate, and Cyril Vassar repeated his performance.

The lineup: Capt. Clymo p; M. Harrington, c; F. Farquar, 1b; L. Vassar, 2b; B. Stedman, ss; F. Gori, 3b; S. Witham, lf; V. Mudd, cf; C. Vassar, rf.

S. R. J. C. 6—5 Marin Junior College

The Red and Blue players enjoyed sweet revenge May 31, when they went to Tamalpais and handed the Marin collegians a 6-5 beating in a return game. The local men led all the way by a substantial score until the ninth inning when, with two outs, the Marin players filled the bases and scored two runs.

The lineup: Capt. H. Clymo, p; F. Gori, c; F. Farquar, 1b; B. Stedman, 2b; V. Gracin, ss; C. Vassar, 3b; S. Witham, lf; V. Mudd, cf; G. Thorne, rf.





TRACK

On April 20 the Red and Blue track men went to Healdsburg, where they made a wonderful showing against the strong high school team of that city. The sixteen athletes who were selected to make the trip were Floyd "Shorty" Talbot, Perry Austin, Byron Churchill, Fred Farquar, Harold Farquar, Bob Stedman, Kenneth Thompson, Lawrence Levensaler, John Adams, Cyril Vassar, Louis "Boots" Silveira, Oliver Silveira, Leo Whitney, Harold Clymo, Vincent Gracin, Virgil Mudd, and Joe Osborn.

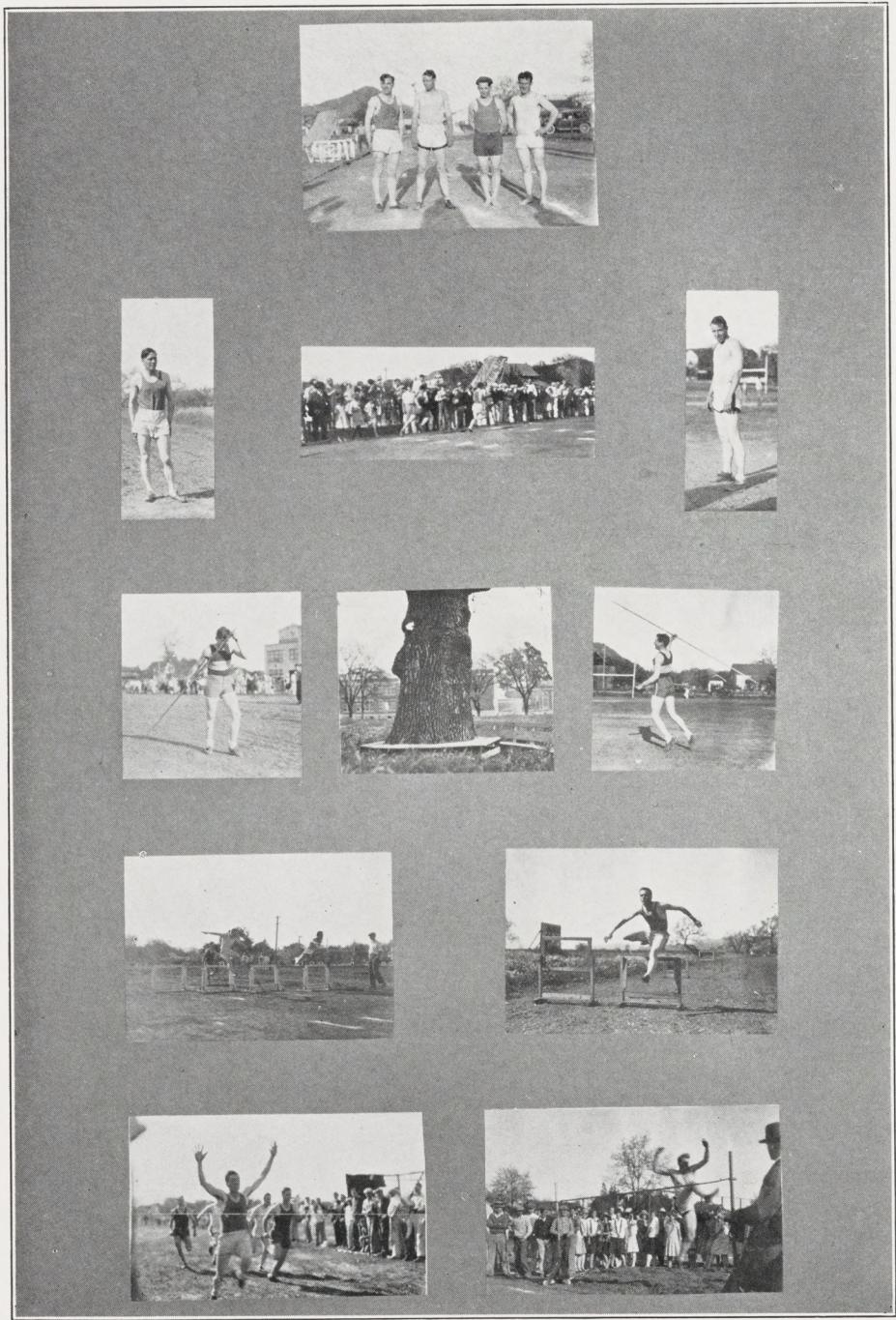
At the meet the Collegians captured six first places, seven second places, and five third places. Virgil Mudd was a surprise when he outran Healdsburg's speediest runner, Stine, in both the 100 and 220 yard dashes. Mudd also ran the winning lap in the relay race when he overtook a thirteen yard lead and finished with ten yards to the good between him and the nearest runner. "Shorty" Talbot was high point man for the Red and Blue team when he scored 12 points for the college, and Mudd came second with 10 points. Santa Rosa's first places were captured by Mudd, Talbot, Austin, and Osborn. The final results of the meet were as follows:

Score—Healdsburg 69-53 Santa Rosa.

High hurdles—Talbot (S), Austin (S), LeSage (H), Time: 16 1-5 sec. 880 yards—King (H), McReynolds (H), Taylor (H). Time: 2:18 min. 100 yards—Mudd (S), Stine (H), H. Farquar (S). Time: 10:3 sec. 440 yards—J. Robinson (H), L. Silveira (S). Time: 23:7. Low hurdles—Austin (S), H. Farquar (S), Pitts (H). Time: 28:4. Mile—King (H), Daniels (H), Arragoni (H). Time: 5:14.5. Relay won by S. R. J. C., time 1:37:4. Team was composed of H. Farquar, C. Vassar, Talbot, Mudd. Broad jump—S. Robinson (H), Talbot (S), McReynolds (H). Distance: 19 ft. 6 in. High jump—McReynolds (H), Talbot (S), Davis (H). Height: 5 ft. 5 in. Shot-put—S. Robinson (H), Kramer (H), Talbot (S). Distance: 43 ft. 2 in. Discus—S. Robinson (H), Osborn (S), Adams (S). Distance: 111 ft. 7 in. Javelin—Osborn (S), F. Farquar (S), Cummings (H). Distance: 155 ft. 8 in.

On May 7 three of the track athletes were entered in the California Coast Conference meet at San Luis Obispo, and were credited with four points at the close of the meet, showing that S. R. J. C. does have some enviable athletic material. Virgil Mudd made the best performance for the collegians when he placed in two events against some strong competition. Third place in the low hurdles, which were run in 26 seconds flat, and fourth place in the 100 yard dash after being given a two yard handicap were captured by Mudd. Both races were run against a strong wind and on a soft dirt track, the time for the 100 yard dash being 10:8 seconds. Mudd took first place in his heat in the tryouts also. Floyd "Shorty" Talbot picked off fourth place in the high hurdles, which was won in the time of 16:1 seconds. Harold Farquar failed to place in any of the events, but it is to be noticed that there were from twelve to sixteen athletes entered in each event, and that these athletes represented the cream of the junior colleges and teachers colleges of the state.



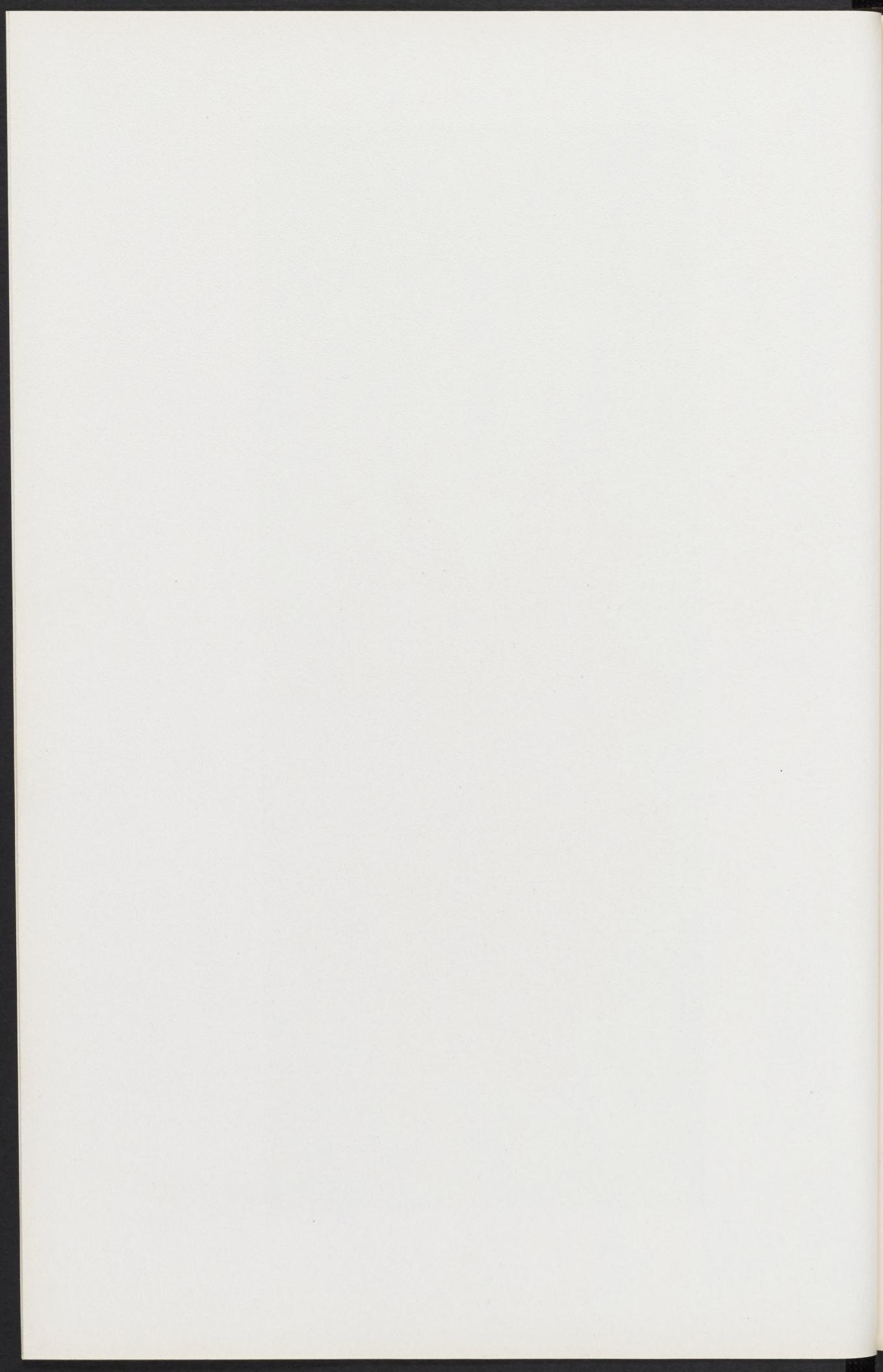


TRUTH

Flowers
Carved and chiseled,
Embroidered, painted, and stitched
Are pretty; but beautiful is the flower
Of the garden.



The Luther Burbank



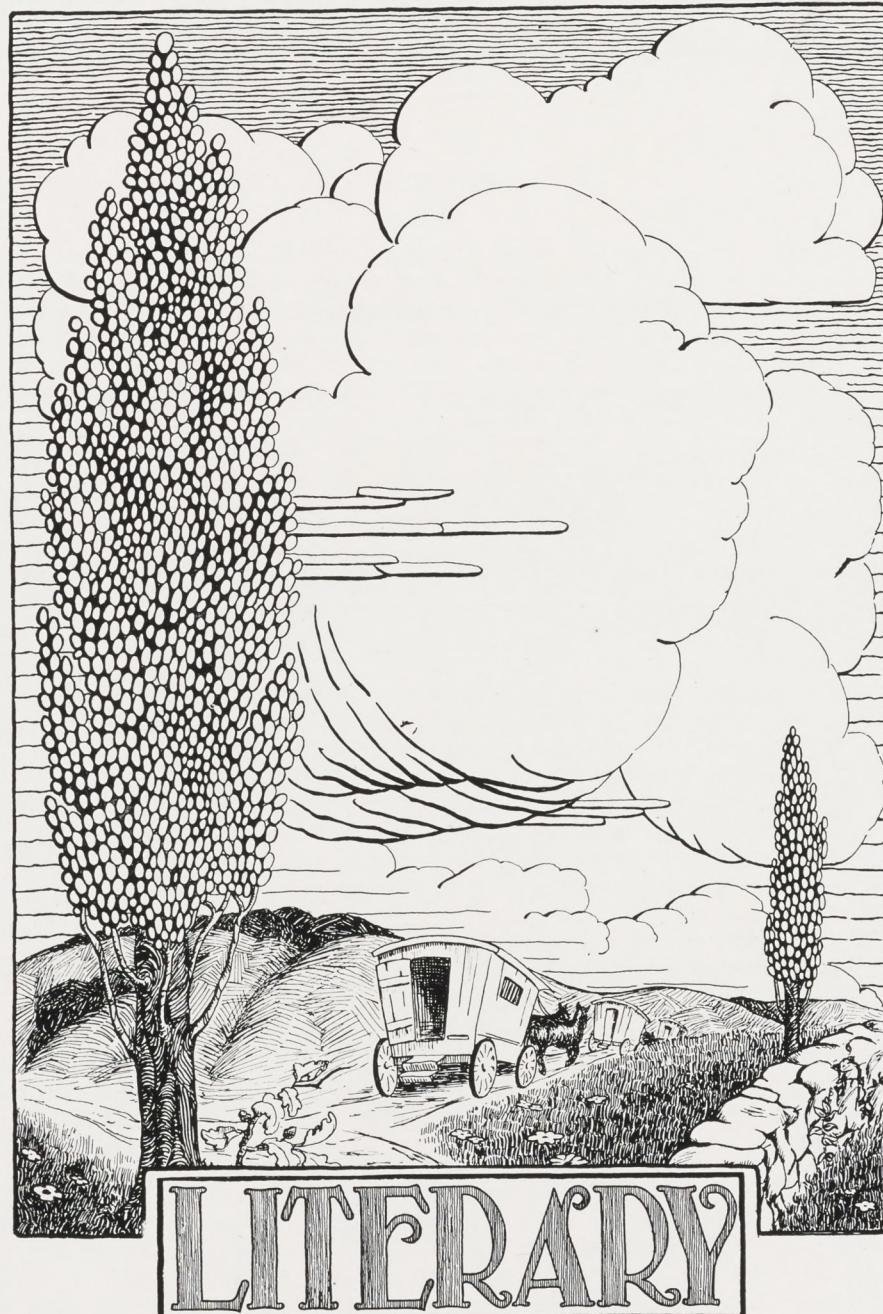




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EVEN SO

He was such a little fellow, so pitifully little. He could barely reach the high door-knob of the ramshackle corner store. Standing on tip-toe, he managed to get one hand on it, but he could not turn it. He set the milk bottle, which he was clutching in his other hand, down on the step, and summoning all his feeble strength, he finally managed to turn the knob. He gave a little sigh of relief, picked up his milk bottle, and peered into the murky darkness of the store.

"Oh, Mister Jake," he called in that starved little voice of his. Receiving no response, he called again. Still no response.

Guessing that Jake had fallen asleep in his chair behind the stove, he tip-toed back past the cracker barrel and the sausage cupboard to where the huge stove was located. There was Jake—fast asleep. His battered, dirty old straw hat was pulled rakishly down over one eye. In his mouth was a filthy corn-cob pipe, from which all signs of smoke had vanished. On his nose was a common black fly, crawling over one side of it and back again in the most aimless fashion. Occasionally Jake would wrinkle his nose, as if to startle the fly away, but the fly was persistent.

The lad stood for a moment or two and gazed at this vision of laziness, not knowing what to do. Finally he put forth one timid little hand and touched Jake's arm, causing him to start violently, the hat to fall entirely over his eyes, and his pipe to fall out of his mouth. Pulling off the offending hat, he blinked belligerently at the boy.

"Oh, so it's you, is it?" He snarled, "Wal, whatcha want now?"

"Please, mister, here's your pipe you dropped, and please, mister, kin you give me jest a little bit of milk? Mumsey is so thirsty for some milk. Her didn't send me, mister, I just comed."

The old man's face relaxed a bit. He put out his hand to the tousled head of the lad and queried kindly, "And how is your Ma today, Timmy?"

A shadow seemed to cross the boy's face as he answered, "Oh, mister, her's orful white. I jest know her is sick, but her never tells me so. Allus it is, 'I'money tired, honey.' Jest now her feels worst, 'cause Pop hain't been home fur nigh onto three days, an' I kin tell by her eyes 'at her worries."

At mention of the father's name, the old man's face stiffened, and he pulled himself erect.

"'Twas milk you was wantin', was it, Timmy? Wel, I'm orful short on milk right now, an' I haf to skimp purty close to serve me reg'lar customers. Ef you come back tomorry mornin', mebbe I can give you a leetle. Y' see, Timmy, ef your Pa paid up regular like most folks, I reckon 'twould be diff'runt, but I caint 'low me heart t' rule me head". He smiled dryly as he uttered this last, but there was no smile on Timmy's wan little face. He bit his lips to still their quivering and crept silently out of the store.





Tim lived in a small brown house near the foothills, a good three-quarters of a mile from the old Scotchman's store. He did not travel fast on his homeward way, because he dreaded the thought of meeting the hungry appeal of his beloved "Mumsey's" eyes, with empty hands.

When he had but a short distance left, he was astonished to hear heavy running footsteps back of him, and the unmistakable voice of Jake, calling "Oh—Timmy! Oh, Timmy!" Timmy, halted, wondering.

As Timmy had left the store, Jake had lain back in his chair, lit his pipe, and fallen to musing. He wondered why he had that queer uneasy feeling. He had been just, he thought to himself. He simply couldn't let folks keep beggin' for things when they never paid their bills. His thoughts wandered to Timmy's mother and unconsciously compared her with his healthy little wife. "He shure was glad 'twarn't her," he mused. And then the thought came to him, "suposin' 'twar his Kitty that lay there, day after day, so frail and helpless like." Before he knew it, Jake was wiping away a few tears that just would trickle out.

He jumped up with unaccustomed agility, found his old hat and coat. Then he found a little pail and filled it with creamy milk from the gallon can which stood on the counter. His next move was to blow out the lamp and lock the store. Having performed these rites, he hobbled off down the road towards Timmy's house.

He caught up with Timmy, grasped one of his little hands in his big horny one, and explained gaspingly, "Thought it over, and I reckon I kin make it. Brought a little in this here pail."

Timmy's face brightened perceptibly, "O mister, Mumsey will be so glad." Together they rushed into the little brown house and into Mumsey's room. But Mumsey would have told them not to hurry.

POETRY

The glow
Of dancing flame,
The glint of virgin gold
Against the blackness of the veil
Of life.





LIGHT

The earth was old, and needed youth.
The earth was dark, and needed light.
The earth was weak, and needed strength.
The earth was blind, and begged for sight.
The earth was cold, and wanted warmth.
Earth asked for day, and had but night.
And then there came
A glittering flame,
A golden hue
Soft-tipped with blue.
The earth had youth, and sight, and warmth above,
The earth had light, and strength, for it had love.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

I am the star in the north
That guides safely the ship far at sea.
I am the pool in the waste-land,
The life of the last man and beast.
I am the clear gentle rain
That follows the grief of the storm.
I am the spirit untamed
That dwells deep in the heart of all men.

I bid the world strive on
When burdened with hate and desire.
I call the birds to the south
From the death of the snow and the ice.
I cause the comforting tears
When the heart is broken and lost.
I am the spirit of life,
For I am the hope of the world.

THE EXHIBIT

I never remember numbers or maybe I could tell you what car it was I took that morning. Anyway, it was one of those greeny-grey ones, and it parted from Market Street just where that street is the busiest.

There was really nothing remarkable about the ride. At no time could I sneak a glance out of the glass and see anything but just San Francisco.

It was not a long ride, either. In fact it seemed that I was just beginning to





find the monotonous rows of apartment houses a bit interesting when the conductor, humming, ambled down the aisle, pushing the seats back in preparation for the return journey. Being thus warned that I was soon to be turned out, I lit a cigarette, took up the accustomed position beside the motorman, grasped with one hand the cold iron bar near the door, and stood ready to receive my ostracism calmly.

"End of the line!"

I stepped from the platform. The little sign above the motorman's window again read "Ferries." The bell sounded twice. I was left alone.

To my right was a sand lot. To my left a street went sharply down to other streets. A few hundred feet ahead of me was a broad flight of stone steps. A breeze blew, and by its feel I knew the ocean was not many blocks farther.

Well, I went forward. After the ascent, I couldn't help thinking of Eunice Tietjens' "slow six thousand steps." Below lay the city. Behind lay vast stretches of green lawns broken now and then by a group of trees or a clump of brush. It seemed as though I were on the threshold of two worlds.

The breeze that I had felt before the climb became one of the "twelve clean winds" up here, and as I impartially chose one path after another, I found it more comfortable to button my coat. My path took me to a drive that wound gently upward. My lawns were green fairways dotted with the white shirts of golfers. Here and there a bright splash of red or blue marked the progression of a feminine foursome, and added more color to my picture.

Being in no hurry, I paused every once in a while, as I wandered up the drive, to secretly sympathize with a poor unfortunate who played my kind of game, or to admire the results obtained by one who could really handle the clubs. With such entertainment it seemed incredibly soon that I approached the top of my sloping way.

It was still fairly early. The wind and a light mist were having a delightful time playing about over the bay. When I reached the top of the hill, I had to stop—not because of fatigue, but because of surprise. Never had I realized that wind could bring anything but discomfort. Here it made the sky a changeable wash of white and blue. It speckled the bright blue bay with white caps. Grey fog huddled close to the grey-green ocean. Huge waves spread sparkling spray against rough rocks. Below me stretched the Golden Gate. Across the bay the hazy cliffs and purple hills seemed to mold to one mass of color. To the right the bay stretched toward busier places, but soon lost itself in a thick mist. Behind me my green lawns were still rolling, dipping, and twisting, as they dodged between trees and clumps of brush.

I was standing before the Palace of the Legion of Honor. I had come to look at the new pictures on exhibit there. But as I gazed about, I decided not to enter the building. Why should I spend my time on the works shown in there, when outside the Greatest of all artists displayed an exhibit of His own?

I never remember numbers, but I wish I did, for maybe I could tell you what car it was I took that morning.





FRIENDSHIP'S TALE

At an oaken tavern table sat three men. Three flagons of wine were placed beside them. A sense of friendliness surrounded them as talk flowed easily as the wine. "I am host tonight," said one, "and you two are my guests. Drink well and talk well, and I shall feel the joy of pleasant hospitality. Here, girl, trip off and bring us wine again. My friends, I love you well, I know not which the best. Truth, were Fate to have me choose between you, 'twould mean a labored choice."

Now it chanced that as the man declared this equal fondness for the other men, Mistress Fate herself stood near amongst the tavern guests and heard the declaration. And as she moved away, unseen, she laughed, and mischief filled her heart.

The flagons clinked in many a jovial toast that night, and tighter drew the bonds of friendship. Faster beat three hearts, and tipsy legs went uncertain ways from out the tavern door along a moonlit street. Boot hobbs racked across uneven stones as the three revelers helped each other home. The evening's host, far gone toward sleep from too much wine, was found at his door and guided to his bed by instinct given such.

Not long, though, was his sleeping undisturbed, for Fate decrees and has her whims. The man awoke and found himself a distance from his home upon a barren height. On looking up, he saw his two dear friends astride a balanced beam, while Fate stood mocking near.

"Here, Kind Host, are your friends, and now I feel that you must choose. Choose!", she harried, "and I shall safely set your choice beside you, while the other one will tip the beam to far destruction!"

The man stood, numb with horror and a wine-dimmed mind, puzzled how to turn. He saw the even balance and the far, straight space that meant a fall to horrible death. And then he saw the faces of his friends, each pleading, hoping to be chosen. His mind grew clear. He turned to Fate and shouted, "O Fate, take me but save my friends. Catch me up and set me there upon the fulcrum, so that as one man is put to earth, I may take his place and see the other safely lowered. I care not if I fall, but save my friends!"

Fate was astonished at his faithfulness, and she softened, sorry for her foolish test. She lifted him and stood him on the beam's support, and as she took one friend from the end, he ran along the beam to take his place. Then safely the other one was put back on the earth, while down tipped the beam to send the faithful man to death. But Fate, relenting, and ashamed of her torment, reached down and caught him in his fall and placed him safe beside his friends.





THE QUEEN'S PAGEANT

On the dawn of a May morning the fairies are still to be found in the meadows and woods. They are seeking the most beautiful maiden to be the Queen of May. It is an ancient custom for all the young maidens to arise at dawn on May Day and bathe their faces in dew, for they believe the fairy dew will make them beautiful. When the fairies see the shining dew-washed faces, they can tell who is the most beautiful in spirit. Kindness, good character, and alert minds are visible to the fairies then.

The fortunate maiden who is chosen to be May Queen is spirited away by the fairies to a woodland dell to be crowned Queen.

We have discovered the enchanted glen and are in time to see the fairies in the royal rites.

The throne is of velvet green moss against a mighty gnarled oak. Fern fronds form a feathery curtain for a background. Elves in greenwood jerkins herald the coming of the royal party by blowing oriole notes on long golden trumpets.

The fairies dance in by twos or threes and dance in the moonlight, scattering fairy dew over the grass.

They leave, and as the rosy light of dawn fills the glade, a group of maidens enters, and in pantomime portrays the crowning of the Queen of May. Each maiden in turn pictures herself as Queen, and, seating herself upon the throne, commands her attendants.

Once again the fairies are to be seen, dancing lightly about, and now they choose the Queen of May. One of the fairies, who seems to be first among them, escorts the Queen to the throne. She places a crown of yellow rosebuds on her hair, and gives her a fairy wand of gold. Over her shoulders is thrown a gossamer cape of white, which flows to her feet. Some of the fairies group themselves at the foot of the throne, while others dance for the Queen's entertainment.

The fairy leader tells the May Queen that she will see some very interesting people in this glen. Three of these she may take with her to her mortal world. She counsels the Queen to think well before making her three choices, for these people will be her companions through life.

Beautiful music announces the coming of the first character. Wealth comes clothed richly in brilliant colors, gold and precious stones. As she makes her way toward the throne, she sways and turns in a stately and impressive fashion. Behind her come a troupe of attendants bearing costly perfumes, choice shawls, luxuriant silks, and fine laces. The May Queen is dazzled by this splendor and clasps her hands as Wealth withdraws.

With proud beating of drums and thundering music, Power, a mighty ruler, is ushered in. He is of imposing stature, and he commands legions of warriors. His very guards who attend him do his bidding with such alacrity that the Queen





is amazed. They fall trees and even push the fairies aside to make way for their master. The Queen of May applauds the imposing majesty of this monarch.

After a silence the songs of many twittering birds are heard. Then a gay, shining person dances out before the Queen. This is Happiness. She dances in artless response to the music. Her manner is so carefree and joyous that the young Queen eagerly begs her not to leave.

She is succeeded by a dark shadowy creature, who is accompanied by weird music. She is tall and slender and has black cloudy hair. She dances lightly up before the Queen. Her dark robes of iridescent sheen are lace webs. She has large shadowed eyes and a piquant mouth. This is Witchery. She shows her magic power by making the very stones dance, and by impelling all the knights and pages to kneel before her. The Queen is charmed by this intriguing beauty, and by the wonders she works. Surely, she thinks, the days would never be dull with such a companion.

Sweet strains of subdued music announce the coming of Wisdom. She wears glowing gray-green garments, that flow about her as she walks with thoughtful mien to a position in front of the throne. Her noble bearing proclaims her aristocratic blood. Supreme wisdom and deep understanding light her intelligent face. The Queen is particularly drawn to this magnetic personality.

The mischievous twins, Wit and Nonsense, caper along to a jingling tune. They are an amusing sight in their vari-colored clothes. They play pranks and prance foolishly about, keeping the Queen in gales of laughter, until she dismisses them with a wave of her wand.

Next comes Health. She does a lively dance to sprightly music. She seems to be bubbling over with life and is inexplicably gay. Her very buoyancy and superb energy are her charms. She does not leave without a smile of eager approval from the Queen.

A most beautiful melody overpowers the Queen as Love walks slowly and gracefully to her feet. He is a mere youth and is extremely beautiful. His curls are soft and glossy, and his eyes are shining. He has great charm and the spirit of amiability. He seems perfect, although his soft eyes hold a wilful expression. Altogether he is so alluring that the Queen of May wishes to return to her world with him at once, not waiting to choose her other two companions.

The fairies advise her to tarry and view once again the assembled company. Each character advances once more at the Queen's command and stands before her.

The maiden Queen is at a loss to choose from such a splendid group. Such a difficult decision dismays her. Gorgeous Wealth—Glowing Health—Noble Wisdom—Stupendous Power—Entrancing Witchery—Joyful Happiness—Delightful Wit and Nonsense—and, most supremely appealing, Love; all looking for her favor. At length she turns aside from all save Health and Wisdom to be fellow-companions





with Love and herself. But she casts a lingering look at Happiness. If she might only choose four!

Then the fairies tell her she must leave the enchanted dell and go back to real life. She arises and is escorted from the scene of her royalty, by Love, with Wisdom as her right hand advisor, and Health leading the way. She turns for a last look at the glen, and sees that Happiness is following her. Excitedly she asks the meaning of this.

The answer re-echoes through the hills: "You have chosen well, O Queen of May! These are the companions from whom Happiness is inseparable!"

VARIED THRUSH

Shy, exquisite Alaskan robin,
Welcome to our city home!
Feast on ripening fruits and berries,
Stay with us and do not roam.

In the summer to the northward,
To your native land we'll go—
To the quiet mountain regions
Covered now with ice and snow.

We shall visit in your country,
Penetrate your solitudes
Resonant with sound, vibrating
To your gracious varying moods.

In the dawn of misty beauty
Comes your pianissimo,
Swelling into power and sweetness,
Keeping time with brooks that flow.

Down the forest isles of cedar,
In the groves of spruce and fir,
Like a bell tone—ringing sweetness
Even dusk will not deter.

Nothing in this world more lovely
Than your twilight interludes,
As the night her curtain closes
In the mountain solitudes.





MOON FANCY

I will dance tonight on the highest hill
Where the wind blows wild and sweet.
I will dance by the light of the slim young moon
With the one I shall never meet.

We will laugh and love on the moonlit hill,
And he'll sing me a song unsung,
Of the land where lost loves meet again,
And the oldest hearts are young.

I shall weep tonight on the highest hill
Where the wind blows bitter-sweet—
I shall weep by the light of the thin pale moon
For the one I shall never meet.

REVERIE

Far to the east—beyond the sun,
Oriental World:

Race of mystery—incense—
A quiet, gliding people,
Old pagodas, dragon temples
Sheltering omnipotent Buddha,
A lotus leaf for his rest—
The Mongol shrine of Love.

The East—romance, color,
Quiet, mystery,
A shimmering vision through the haze
Beyond the sun.

MOOD

Last night
The moon was gold—
Pure gold, and diamond stars
Adorned the skies. There are black clouds
Tonight.





NADINE

Slowly the sun sank into the west, burnishing the clouds shell pink, crimson, and gold, and the mountains a rose mauve against the turquoise summer sky. As the shadows deepened in the forest, a figure flitted among the trees. Was it an elf, a woodland nymph, or one of the shadows come to life? It was Nadine, a gypsy girl, who ran to dance in a theater nature had made for her. Slender and graceful as a dryad she darted among the trees, her brown legs melting into the shadows. She could smell the pungent smoke from the gypsy camp, and the occasional jingle of tambourines was carried to her ears on the evening breeze. But she did not care to dance with her people and to their music. In the glade the song of the brook set her feet dancing more quickly than could any music woven by man.

In and out among the trees she ran, until she came to some beautiful azalea bushes which smiled and seemed to be waiting for her. She parted them and stepped within, catching her breath at the sight of the glade. Never had it been so lovely as on this evening. A parting glow of the sun aureoled the background of mountains, and turned the falls into a cascade of sparkling jewels flowing away in a stream of molten gold. Wild-flowers, growing on the hillside and beside the brook, mingled their reflections with a canopy of blossoming dogwood. The soft green grass was flung out like a Spanish shawl embroidered in bright patterns of blue and gold flowers. Two yellow butterflies flitted above masses of lacy maiden hair fern, tantalizingly displaying their golden beauty against the emerald background of the entire scene. For an instant Nadine's eyes stung with tears, and every nerve in her body seemed taut in response to the exquisite picture. Then, catching the magical song of the brook—her song of the mountains—she ran gracefully to the center of the glade and began to dance.

Slowly, at first, she whirled and bowed in a worshipful dance to her idol—nature. Then as the low murmur of the brook song grew into a laughing, echoing, chattering theme of music, the dance quickened. As the evening breeze fanned the gypsy girl's rose-tinted cheeks and kissed the dark curls on her forehead, Nadine forgot the overpowering beauty of the glade, thinking only of the brook song which filled her being, animating it with the joy of living and the desire to dance. Faster and faster the brown feet flew. To the right and to the left she dipped and leaped. Only once did she hesitate, as a new theme crept into the brook song. Then, as the theme swelled higher, she whirled and whirled, spinning until her green and orange skirts flashed dizzily, and her bracelets jingled. Higher—higher the lilting theme rose, and faster—faster the dancer whirled, until they ended in a crescendo of flashing sound and motion.

Now only the low murmur of the brook filled the glade, and only the evening breeze swayed the leaves and blossoms of the dogwood, and bore along the faint pungence of gypsy fires. Again came the light jingle of the tambourines, but Nadine, watching the evening star with deepening eyes, did not hear.





JUNE NIGHT

The stars glitter
Like rhinestones on
The velvet shoes
Of a dancing girl.

CAMPFIRE

I lie in solitude at night,
Alone except for that soft light.
I watch it flare, then fall, then glow,
Just like ambition—come and go.

Then by a breeze from off the plain
It's whipped into a flame again
And burns in rage—true ecstacy—
Ambition's flame, alight in me!

NORTH WIND

Wind,
Tearing wild
Over my sunken garden,
Tramping on my iris bed—
Enough!

TURTLE DOVE

Whisp'ring wings whirling their way to water
Over the sun-seared fields
Of bent brown grasses
In Indian summer
Twilight.





A STAR

A star
With lonely gleam
Streams through my window pane
To leave its paling light with me
At night.

DRURY

Like a Dresden lady
You sit passively waiting
For another day to come.
A gray shawl of fog
Wraps tenderly around you,
And smoke curlis from out
The chimneys of your simple cots,
Like scolding locks creeping
From under your black bonnet.

PASTORAL

A hill
With mossy boulders,
Lichen-dripping oaks
Against a view of autumn vale—
And verse.

CONTENT

A fire—
With rain and wind
Outside beating upon
My hut—Beside me open lies
A book.





PARABLES

EACH TO THE OTHER

You say it is the wind that makes those two old oak trees bend so close to one another. But I say, "No."

I say that when the one on the right was only a tiny frail slip of a twig, and the one of the left was weakly striving for height, that they spoke to one another. And in the years that went by they turned aside from three other trees that stood on the windy, rocky hillside; and grew more and more near, each to the other.

And finally a strong love came between them, and they taught each new baby branch to reach out to its neighbor-friend. And as each bent to the other, they did not grow straight, or spread out widely, but found joy in forgiving each their crooked backs. And now they are two old trees, and the bonds of age are so strong that they never can, nor will ever hope to try to grow apart.

You say it is the wind that makes those two old oak trees bend close to each other. But I say, "No."

HEIGHTS

As I stood in the valley, in the shade of a looming mountain,
The darkness of a thousand sorrows covered me,
And the strength of the white and the dazzling heights dizzied me.
I was alone—the smallest of all the lesser things.

When I stood on the highest of the high peaks of the mountain,
The valley and its shadows were but fragments of a smiling world beneath me.

I PITY YOU, THE CITY

You are so hard and cold and sharp. You give no sympathy for the passing feet of unknown men who seek for hope, and life, and love.

Your face is hard and calcined. For miles and miles there is not one square inch of common clay to cheer the treading feet of passing men.

Your face is cold. There is no warmth in barren streets that can give birth to one living thing.

Your face is sharply lined with iron tall structures, that will not stoop to touch the hearts of those that pass them by.

At night you wear the glittering signs of happiness; your earthly diamond lights give out no homely cheer to the thousand unknown who walk your streets.

I pity you, the City. Perhaps some time some great man will take a plow a thousand miles in length, and plow up your cemented streets, and bury deep in upturned soil these faults of yours. And perhaps this same strong man will find beneath your cold hard face, the common beauty that is hidden there.

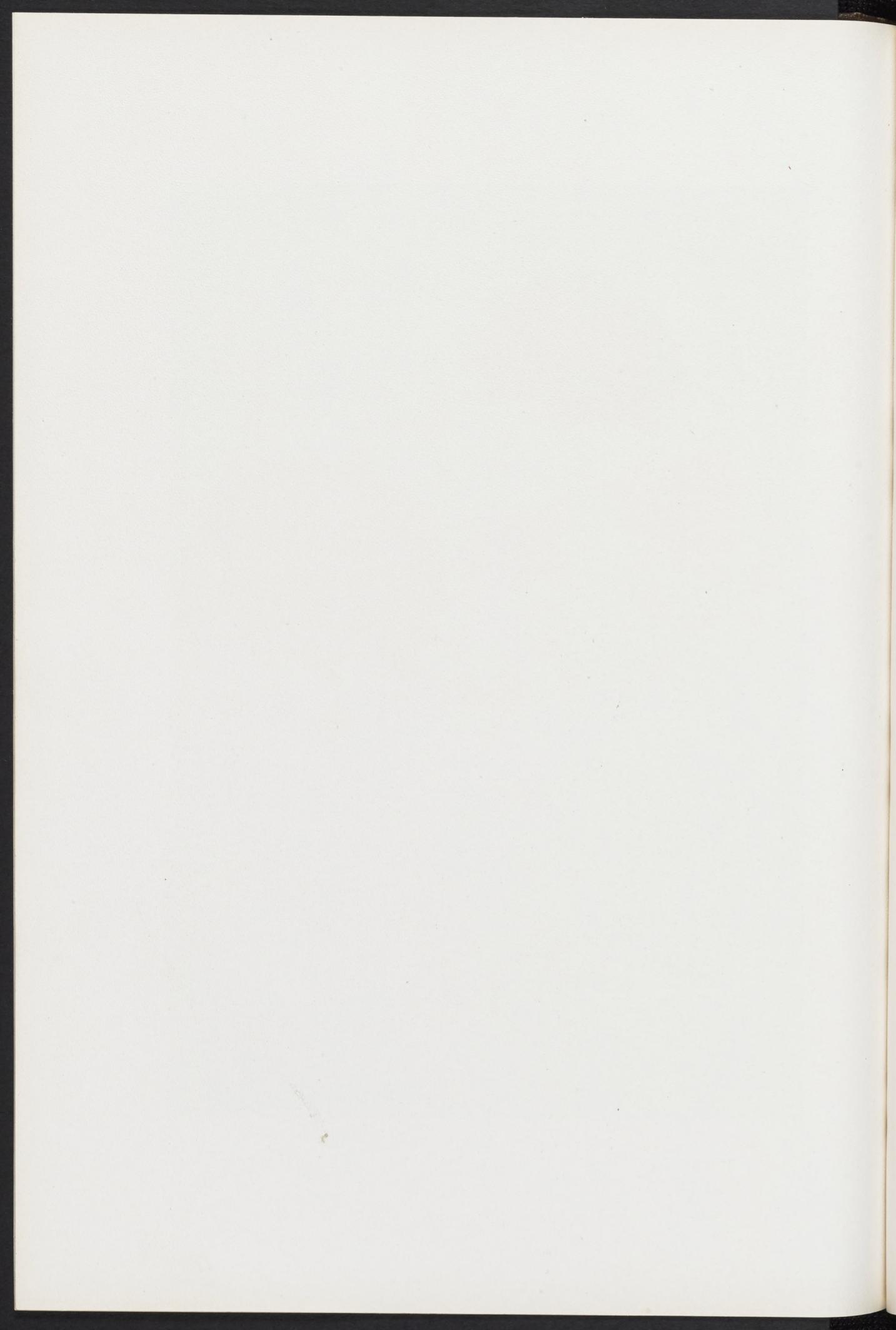


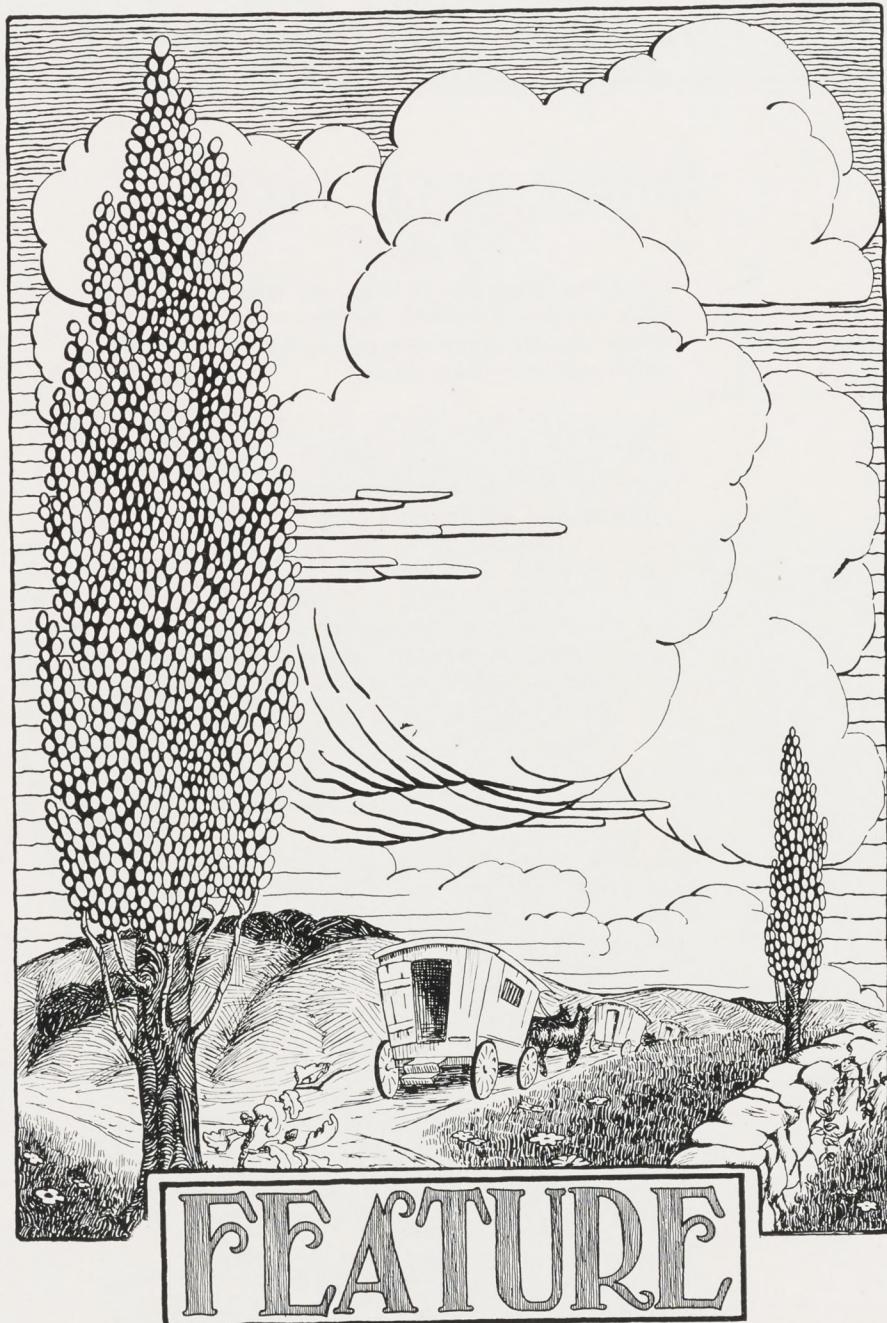
INVINCIBLE

Flowers,
Like hopes that have soared,
Forlorn after the storm,
Still hold some color, beauty, perfume
Their own.



The Burbank Hybrid Sweet Scabious







DADDY DUCK DITTIES

DAD'S DEBUT

In times gone by all children read
The rhymes of Mother Goose;
They sneaked those verses up to bed
And read the pages loose.

But Mother Goose no longer wins
The youth of modern cities,
Jack and Jill are now has-beens—
All hail to Dad Duck's Ditties!

FANCY

The Moon
Floated up through the sky
Like a golden balloon let loose
From a baby's hand.

THE MASTER

Do re mi—fa la ti sol—
The notes loosed from the big brown box
Leap forth with glee and skip and roll,
And tumble all about, and dance
Upon the keys, and chant sweet chants.
Do re mi—fa la ti sol—

And on I play, that is, you see
With just one finger, but to me
It's music grand. And as I play,
More notes are loosed, and more notes sway.
And sometimes if I'm all alone
And free from worldly joys and cares,
They band together as I play,
And of a sudden, unawares,
They snatch me from my bench, and then
They sweep me fast far from all men—
To the place where all dead notes live on,
And where forgotten tunes have gone.





They make me king, and they become
My vassals—loyal, everyone.
They come to me, and offer aid,
And by their offers I am made
A Paderewski or Berlin—
According to the mood I'm in.

So thus I reign, by their permission,
Enjoying the thrills that a great musician
Derives from technique and expression.

But when by way of sly intrigue
A worldly thought sneaks in the gate,
My vassal-notes are fired with hate,
And use all haste to then dethrone
Their traitor ruler.

So out I'm cast, and harshly flung
Down to this world, to live among
My worldly thoughts and worldly deeds,
And cater to my worldly needs.

But when once more I'm satiated
With this boresome life of mine,
And vow by the Bass Clef I hate it,
I go again to the brown box
and lose more notes, and watch them roll
To the sweet tune—fa la ti sol.

RAINY AFTERNOON

The rain comes down a constant heavy thud;
The gutters turn to rivers, and the yard a sea of mud.
A shivering chick stands huddled in the shed
Where a lonesome hound pup cowers on his bed.

Indoors are warmth and cheer and noise;
The room seems overfull of restless boys
Who dump beside the stove their muddy shoes,
And scuffle to the tune of "Bulldog Blues."





WALKING

Behold, a man and a child were walking
On a drowsy country road.
The man was far too busy for talking;
So the child talked to a toad.

The child saw growing rays of the sun;
The man was too busy to heed.
The child stooped and picked him one;
The man laughed, and said, "A weed."

The man saw the dust of the unpaved road,
With bowed head, as he walked by.
The child saw a tree, a flower, a toad,
And the very bright blue of a sky.

EVENING STAR

A bit
Of tinsil from
A festive tree forlorn
Has flown, far, far, from us to rest
In heaven.

MAGNIFIED

In the silent starry night,
When we cannot go to sleep,
We hear each birdie's tiny peep,
And be it ever yet so light,
The passer's step we hear at night.

In Tiny Town, that's free from sin,
Where people can't keep occupied,
They see each fault we'd like to hide,
And gossip till they've made a din—
And now our faults become a sin.





AN AEROPLANE RIDE

I took a ride in an aeroplane,
Soared over the valley and bay,
And then that plane tipped upside down
And took my breath away.

It swooped and swerved till all the earth
When I looked way down below,
Seemed like the houses Gulliver saw
In his travels long ago.

Finally it seemed that the motor stopped,
That the plane was coming down:
A catch of breath, a smile, a jump—
My feet were on the ground.

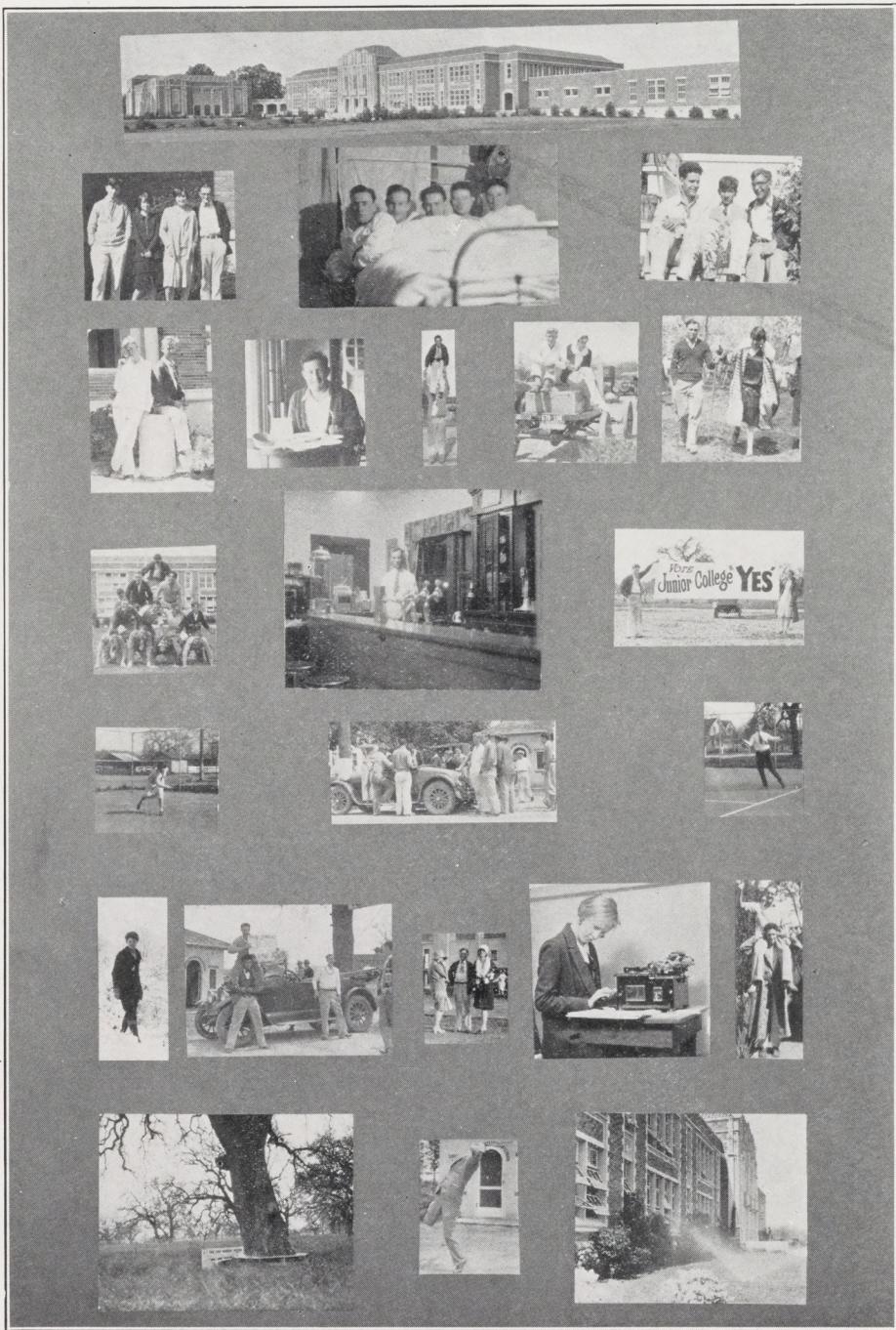
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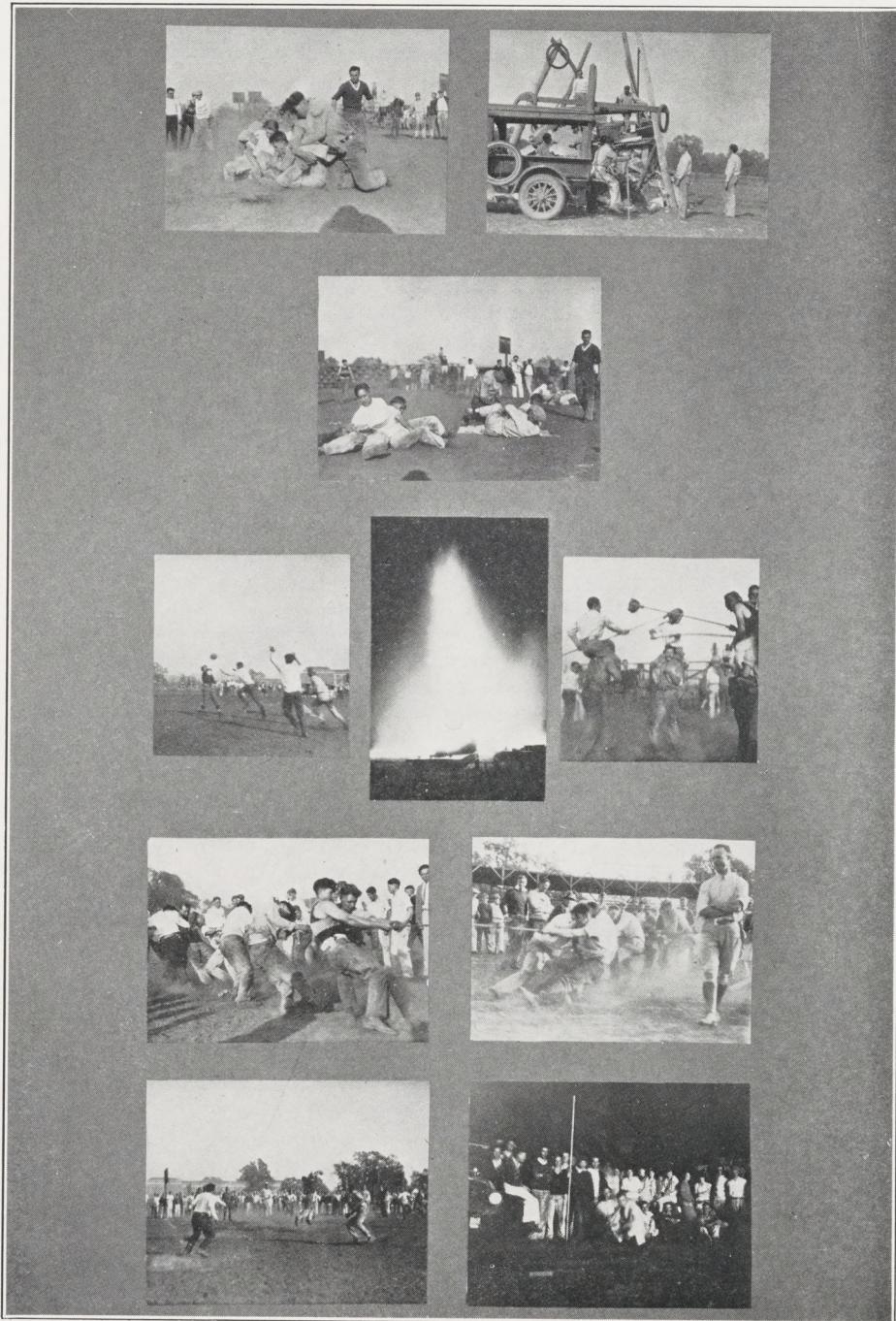
Patterns;—peaks and bars,
Patches, streaks, and stars
Diffused by rainbow hues
On a screen of blues.

SCISSORS

Snip, Snip.
A mechanical noise
From my sharpened steel scissors.
Clip, clip,
A staccato noise
Through the silken cloth dipping,
Ripping, clipping.









PARODIES ON POPE

Awaken, good old Don! leave that demeans
To low ambition and the pride of deans.
Aid me, since I can no more than supply
Frail thoughts which weakly stagger, fall, then die,
Expatiate free o'er all this mess, and pan
This mighty maze! this maze without a plan.
I dedicate this verse to Justice, Muse,
That Goddess mortal men and women lose
When, breaking from the path set out by God,
They turn to teachers—ruling by the rod.
One our youth and one our aged assails,
But not one thinks of Justice and Her scales.

To boob the ways of teachers day and night,
Is what I deem the acme of delight.
From janitors to deans the schools are wrong;
To touch on all would take me far too long.
What Time would save, from Fear receives its date,
But I am brave and cast myself to Fate.

Close by the fields forever crowned with oaks,
Where S. P. tracks with hate survey the folks
(Called teachers), who at noon-time pace their rails
And talk of joy that's theirs when some kid fails,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which blushes all the day with mortal shame
Because it shelters, there within its walls,
Teachers. Oh! the curse that on it falls!

Teachers, to the destruction of mankind,
Have power to wield the mighty marks that bind
Us to our books. Why, they forget all ethics
And are the ruination of athletics.
For when success a teacher's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attains his ends.
A dean will say—"For every man who plays
A game, his card must show at least four A's."
For these A's then each athlete had implored
Propitious Heaven, and every power adored.
And to these powers each one an altar built





PATRIN

Of stolen sweat shirts—signs of pride and guilt.
On that, three jerseys, half a pair of spikes,
And all the trophies of his former likes.
With four large numerals he lit the pyre,
And blew three blows of size to raise the fire;
Then prostrate fell—the athlete no more plays,
But hits the books so he can make his A's.

A teacher says, "An ex!" An ex there is,
Despite the cries of Heck and Aw Gee Whiz!
The day arrives. The teacher comes quite late.
Five answers each is then told to relate.
The bell rings noon before the third one goes—
"You now must bring your papers to a close."
A half-done paper each one then must sign,
And students flunk that pedagogues may dine.

No, that's not all that I could tell about
These things called teachers, who preserve our trout
By giving huge assignments in the Spring
When all the world is calling you to bring
Your pole, and sit beside some babbling brook,
And cast, and tug, and pull 'em off the hook.
No, that's not all that I could here relate,
But just in closing, one more truth I'll state;
No louder cries of joy to heaven are cast
When teachers or when gophers breathe their last.

* * *

Oh, Muse! (Meows and such are barred from here),
Of one alone I beg a listening ear.
Keep Thalia (of comedy) in heaven,
(Page Gayley's Classic Myths, Page Thirty-Seven).
Let Melphomene come out in full display,
For to this tragic Muse I give this lay.

Oh, Muse! I tell about a manly youth
Called Peter Alexander Von Teluth;
He washed and scrubbed and cleaned and dried
His lovely feet, which were his very pride.
He even washed his manly shapely legs,



(Which some I fear said looked like wooden pegs).
Two socks he placed upon these handsome feet,
And then he took a turn around the street.
Oh, Muse! My heart stops here, my breath I hold,
The story is too sad to be retold.
He had a purse, of quite the latest fad,
And money was not foreign to our lad.
He saw two shoes—a lovely golden tan,
And all the blood to his cerebrum ran.
Two steps he took, and he was in the store—
Oh, Muse! I cannot tell the story more.
He sat himself with prideful loving care,
And smoothed the tailor-made he had to wear.
His feet he placed upon the humble stool;
A clerk pulled out his handy wooden rule,
Untied the shoe that Peter gayly wore—
Melpomene, your pity I implore!
I cannot say what more there is to say;
I hate to even try to end this lay.
The shoe came off, and Jove, oh, Jove!—how shocking!
For Peter had a hole in his right stocking!

* * *

"Haste then, ye students! Your lessons prepare;
The flighty Yeats shall be our Evelyn's care;
Spenser's "Fairie Queen" to Don we will consign;
Rhoda, let mighty Milton's work be thine;
Do thou, Francis, study my favorite book—
Homer's ancient Greeks that Troy town took.
To five chosen students of especial note,
I entrust the charge of Chaucer's anecdote;
Form a strong impression of his matchless style,
And keep his method in your minds a while.
Whatever person, careless of his charge,
His works neglects, or leaves his thoughts at large,
Will find sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sin:
His cherished mark he cannot hope to win,
But plunged in depths of deep chagrin he'll lie,
As he looks in his angered teacher's eye;
Laughs and titters will about him reign,
As he stutters and stammers along in vain;
Or the resulting grades with terrifying power





Will not fail to give him many an evil hour;
Or, as his instructor's scorn he feels,
He will tremble as he homeward steals,
In fumes of the deadly alcohol to glow,
As he attempts in vain to drown his woe."

She speaks; the students from their seats arise.
Some in mad rush surround her desk with cries;
Some, threading the mazy aisles, retreat;
Some swell with early and undue conceit;
With beating hearts some slowly steal away,
Anxious and trembling to await the fatal day.

INVICTUS (The Victim)
(*Apologies to William Ernest Henley*)

Under the lessons that bury me,
Day by day, from class to class
I struggle and vainly try to flee,
But "Class Average" will not let me pass.

In the fell clutch of Latin I fall;
Small wonder that I cry aloud!
Under the burden of it all
My brain is bent, my head is bowed.

Beyond this place of "Math" and fears
Looms but the prospect of the spade;
And yet the labors of the years
I'd gladly hazard, undismayed.

It's too hard to attain the goal;
I fear that I shall never say:
"I am the master of my slate,
I am the captain of my scroll."





CHANGE

I stepped upon the platform at Wentmore station, where my friend Bixby awaited me with his car.

While on the train I had suddenly recollected something that required immediate attention in New York. Accordingly, upon my arrival at Wentmore, I went to the telegraph office to send back a message.

This station differed from others in its class in its total lack of writing materials. After a prolonged exploration, I finally succeeded in capturing a rusty pen, and dipped it in some colorless, slimy fluid. With heroic effort I succeeded in daubing down the few words of my telegram. A decidedly indifferent woman grudgingly took the message, counted it, and named the rate, which I immediately paid.

With the relieved consciousness of having fulfilled a duty, I was about to walk out when my attention was attracted by a young lady at one of the tables, tapping on a Morse key. With slight haughtiness she turned her back toward me.

She was young. Probably. She certainly was red-haired. She was pretty. Why not? Her simple black dress advantageously displayed a round, pleasing form; her luxuriant hair was arranged so as to show a few ringlets and a splendid white neck. Suddenly a mad unexplainable desire to plant a kiss upon those golden ringlets seized me. In the expectation that the young lady would turn around, I stopped and asked the elderly woman a few questions about telegraph affairs. Her replies were not at all friendly.

The other woman, however, did not stir. Whoever supposes that I did not go back to the telegraph office the next morning does not know me.

The pretty red-haired one was alone this time. Now she was compelled to show her face, and I could not complain. I "purchased" some information, wrote several messages, asked a number of nonsensical questions, and played the part of a fool with grace.

She responded calmly in the manner of a clever and polite little woman. I came daily, sometimes twice a day, for I knew when she would be alone.

To give my calls a reasonable appearance I wrote innumerable letters to friends and telegraphed to an army of bare acquaintances, a lot of impossible stuff; so that it was rumored in New York that I had suddenly become deranged.

Every day I said to myself: "Today, my boy, you must make a declaration." But her cool manner suppressed the words: "Red head, I love you." I invariably said, "Be kind enough to give me a two-cent stamp."

The situation gradually became unbearable. As the day for my return approached, I resolved to venture all to win everything.

I walked into the office, and wrote the following message:

"Mervin Monroe, 19 Fifth Avenue, New York: I am madly in love with the little red-haired telegraph operator in Wentmore."

I cautiously handed her the telegram. I expected at least that her beautiful white complexion would color. But no!





Not a motion! In the calmest manner in the world she said: "Fifty nine cents, please."

Thoroughly perplexed by this surprising action, I searched about in my pockets for the change. I could not find a cent. From my pocket book I took a hundred dollar bill and gave it to her.

She took the bank-note and eyed it carefully.

The examination ended favorably, for her face was suddenly wreathed in smiles, and she burst into a charming, unexpected laughter, displaying her marvelous teeth.

And then the pretty young lady asked in a saucy way:
"Do you want the change?"

SAFETY

Funny
How secure
A lady always feels
All bundled like a grizzly bear
In furs.

THE BOMBARDMENT

Now list!
The sound of nuts,
Nature's artillery fire,
From arsenals stationed in the air
Close by.





ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The staff of the Patrin wishes to extend its very sincere appreciation to every one who helped in the publication of this year book. Special gratitude is expressed to: Mrs. Luther Burbank, who very generously gave permission to use the colored plates and prints of Burbank and his creations; to the Independent Press for their assistance in reproducing the same; to Mrs. Clara S. Waters for the supervision of the art material; to Miss Genevieve Mott, who supervised the entire work; to Miss Phebe Struckmeyer, Mr. G. Bartlett, and Mrs. Sarah Kelley, who were the members of the literary judging committee; to our printers, the Santa Rosa Press Democrat; and to the Commercial and Sierra Art and Engraving Company of San Francisco.

In changing the name of the annual, we have created a new theme. It has been our endeavor in this issue to successfully introduce this theme in the hope that it may be established, and that the Patrin may be a permanent publication in our new junior college.





ON A FLOWER

What is more lofty than a perfect flower?
For though it springs up from a lowly home,
Its bright and shining face is free from loam,
And life's a short, but gay and happy hour.

What living thing is there that has more power
Than opening bud with strength of fairy foam?
That seems so small beneath the sky's great dome,
With colored petals for its only dower?

'Tis God's best gift to cheer a world of men,
For with its delicate beauty and its bloom,
It wakens souls that have been deadened long,

And shows them beauty, makes them smile—and then
With happiness in simple flowers comes room
In new-awakened hearts for love and song.



BURBANK IN HIS GARDEN

RECESSINAL

Still winds
Fold lilac veils
Away, and a wild-rose dawn
Opens on changing clouds, while old stars
Waver.



Etching by H. Nelson Poole

He sleeps at last, in the garden where he worked, beneath the tree that he planted and that he loved—for he himself said, once: "I should like to feel that my strength is going into the strength of a tree."

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

